Glen 47.

4450347

THE GLEN COLLECTION
OF SCOTTISH MUSIC

Presented by Lady Dorothea Ruggles-Brise to the National Library of Scotland, in memory of her brother, Major Lord George Stewart Murray, Black Watch, killed in action in France in 1914.

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Glen 47.

THE

MUSICAL REPOSITORY:

A

COLLECTION

OF FAVOURITE

SCOTCH, ENGLISH, AND IRISH

SONGS,

SET TO MUSIC.

GLASGOW:

PRINTED BY ALEX. ADAM,

FOR A. CARRICK, BOOKSELLER, SALTMARKET.

1799.

NATIONAL LIBRARY OF SCOTLAND

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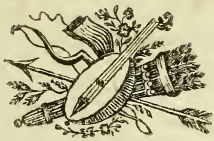
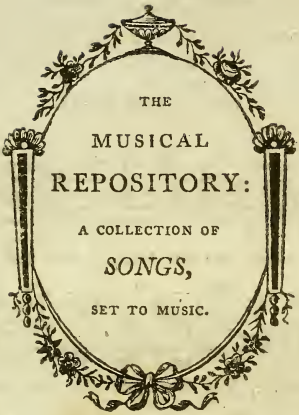



THE
MUSICAL
REPOSITORY:
A COLLECTION OF
SONGS,
SET TO MUSIC.

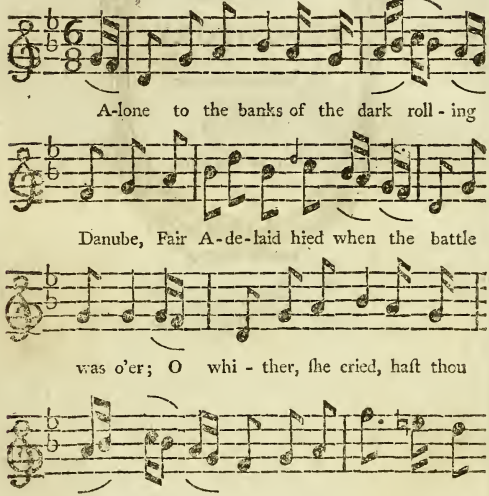
THE

MUSICAL REPOSITORY.

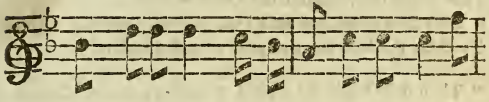
SONG I.

THE WOUNDED HUSSAR.

Moderate.


A-lone to the banks of the dark roll - ing
Danube, Fair A-de-laid hied when the battle
was o'er; O whi - ther, ſhe cried, haſt thou
wan - der'd, my lov - er, Or here doſt thou

welter and bleed on the ſhore? What



voice did I hear! 'twas my Henry that ſigh'd, All

mournful ſhe haſten'd, nor wander'd a-far, When

bleeding a-lone on the heath ſhe def-cried,

By the light of the moon, her poor

wound-ed huſſar.

From his boſom that heav'd, the laſt torrent was ſtreaming,
And pale was his viſage, deep mark'd with a ſcar,
And dim was that eye, once expreſſively beaming,
That melted in love, and that kindled in war;
How ſmit was poor Adelaid's heart at the ſight!
How bitter ſhe wept o'er the victim of war!
"Haſt thou come, my fond love, this laſt ſorrowful night,
To cheer the lone heart of your wounded huſſar."

"Thou ſhalt live!" ſhe replied, "heaven's mercy relieving,
Each anguiſhing wound ſhall forbid me to mourn;"
"Ah! no, the laſt pang in my boſom is heaving,
No light of the morn ſhall to Henry return;
Thou charmer of life, ever tender and true,
Ye babes of my love, that await me afar—"
His falt'ring tongue ſcarcely murmur'd adieu,
When he ſunk in her arms, the poor wounded huſſar.

SONG II.

To the foregoing Tune.

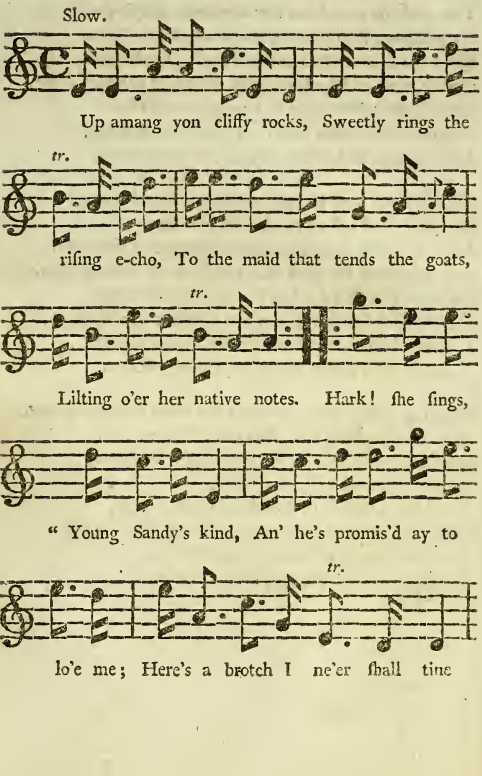
BE hush'd the loud breeze, and soft roll the rough billow
That curls its rude head o'er my sweet Billy's grave;
No peace ere shall gladden the heart of his Anna,
Her hope is entombed in the Texel's proud wave.
On the coast of Mynheer, with his broad pendant flying,
Tho' Duncan his ensign of triumph could rear,
Britannia shall weep when her warriors are dying,
And the eyes of her fair be bedew'd with a tear.

No more my fond bosom, with rapture reclining,
My Billy shall tell of the laurels he won;
How midst the wide carnage he thought of his Anna,
And ne'er was the man that would flinch from his gun.
No danger he fear'd when the foe was assailing,
Nor minded the storm, nor the cannon's loud roar,
In hopes soon at home to be moor'd with his Anna,
And sigh in her arms when the battle was o'er.

The day dawns with joy when the heart feels no sorrow,
But heart-soothing sleep flies the pillow of care,
On the hopeless eye dawns no happy to-morrow,
It rises in sadness to set in despair.
Yet a few other suns, and the conflict is over,
This poor aching trembler to beat will give o'er,
In the cold arms of death I'll rest with my lover,
When the fate of the battle shall part us no more.

SONG III.

THE MAID THAT TENDS THE GOATS.


Slow.
Up amang yon cliffy rocks, Sweetly rings the
tr.
riſing e-cho, To the maid that tends the goats,
tr.
Lilting o'er her native notes. Hark! ſhe ſings,
" Young Sandy's kind, An' he's promis'd ay to
tr.
lo'e me; Here's a brotch I ne'er ſhall tine

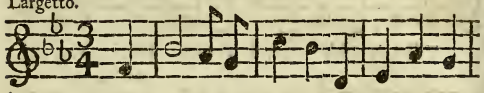
" Sandy herds a flock o' ſheep,
" Aften does he blaw the whiſtle,
" In a ſtrain ſae ſaftly ſweet,
" Lammies, liſt'ning, dare nae bleat.
" He's as fleet's the mountain roe,
" Hardy as the Highland heather,
" Wading thro' the winter ſnow,
" Keeping ay his flock together,
" But a plaid, wi' bare houghs,
" He braves the bleakeſt norlin blaſt.

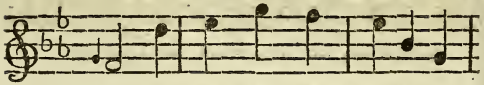
" Brawly he can dance and ſing,
" Canty glee or Highland cronach;
" Nane can ever match his fling
" At a reel, or round a ring.
" Wightly can he wield a rung;
" In a brawl he's ay the bangſter;
" A' his praiſe can ne'er be ſung
" By the langeſt winded ſangſter,
" Sangs that ſing o' Sandy
" Come ſhort, tho' they were e'er ſae lang."

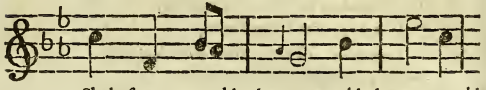
SONG IV.

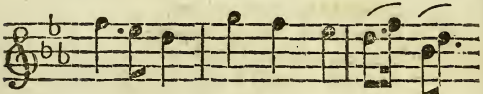
THOU SOFT FLOWING AVON.

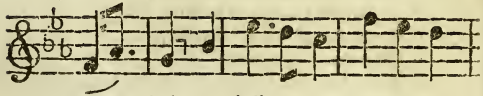
Largetto.



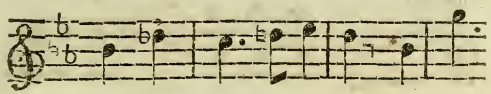








pil-low'd his head: The fairies, by moon-



light, dance round his green bed; For hal-

low'd the turf is which pil-low'd his head.

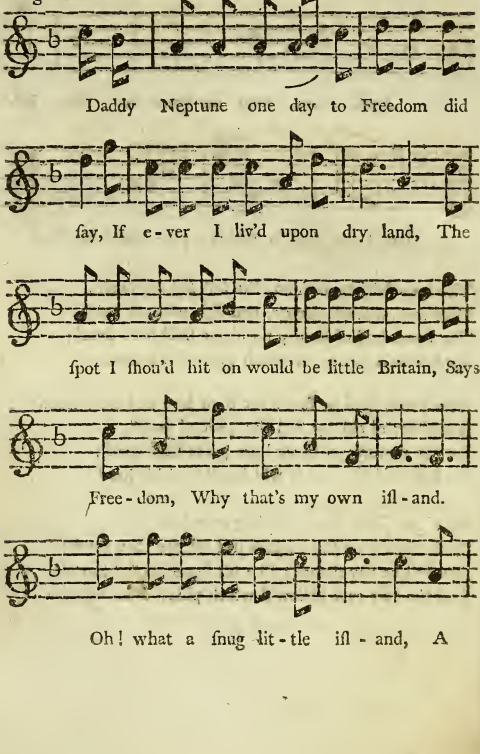
The love-ſtricken maiden, the ſoft ſighing ſwain,
Here rove without danger, and ſigh without pain.
The ſweet bud of beauty no blight ſhall here dread;
For hallow'd the turf is which pillow'd his head.

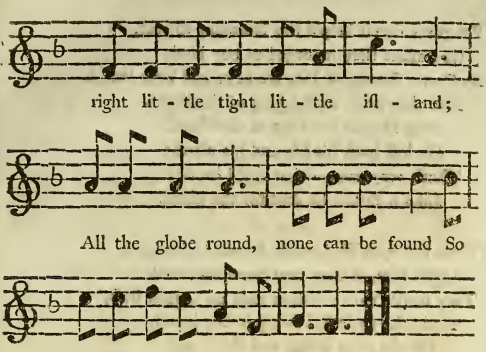
Here youth ſhall be fam'd for their love and their truth;
And cheerful old age feel the ſpirit of youth,
For the raptures of fancy here poets ſhall tread;
For hallow'd the turf is which pillow'd his head.

Flow on, ſilver Avon, in ſong ever flow!
Be the ſwans on thy borders ſtill whiter than ſnow!
Ever full be thy ſtream; like his fame may it ſpread!
And the turf ever hallow'd which pillow'd his head!

SONG V.

THE SNUG LITTLE ISLAND.


Allegretto.
Daddy Neptune one day to Freedom did
ſay, If e-ver I liv'd upon dry land, The
ſpot I ſhou'd hit on would be little Britain, Says
Free-dom, Why that's my own iſl-and.
Oh! what a ſnug lit-tle iſl-and, A



Julius Ceſar the Roman, who yielded to no man,
Came by water, he couldn't come by land;
And Dane, Pict, and Saxon their homes turn'd their backs on,
And all for the ſake of our iſland.
Oh what a ſnug little iſland,
They'd all have a touch at the iſland;
Some were ſhot dead,—ſome of them fled,
And ſome ſtaid to live in the iſland.

Then a very great war-man, call'd Billy the Norman,
Cried, D—n it, I never liked my land,
It wou'd be much more handy to leave this Normandy,
And live on yon beautiful iſland.
Says he, 'Tis a ſnug little iſland,
Shan't us go viſit the iſland;
Hop, ſkip, and jump,—there he was plump,
And he kick'd up a duſt in the iſland.

Yet party deceit help'd the Normans to beat,
Of traitors they managed to buy land;
By Dane, Saxon, or Pict we ne'er had been lick'd,
Had they ſtuck to the king of the iſland.
Poor Harold the king of the iſland,
He loſt both his life and his iſland;
That's very true,—what could he do?
Like a Briton he died for the iſland.

Then the Spaniſh Armada ſet out to invade a,
Quite ſure, if they ever came nigh land,
They cou'dn't do leſs than tuck up Queen Beſs,
And take their full ſwing in the iſland.
Oh the poor queen and the iſland,
The drones came to plunder the iſland;
But ſnug in her hive—the queen was alive,
And buz was the word at the iſland.

The proud puff'd up cakes thought to make ducks and drakes
Of our wealth, but they ſcarcely could ſpy land,
E'er Drake had the luck to make their pride duck,
And ſtoop to the lads of the iſland.
Huzza! for the lads of the iſland,
The good wooden walls of the iſland;
Devil or Don,—let 'em come on,
But how would they come off at the iſland?

I don't wonder much that the French and the Dutch
Have ſince been oft tempted to try land,
And I wonder much leſs they have met no ſucceſs,
For why ſhould we give up our iſland?

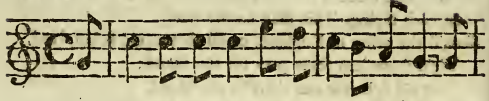
Oh 'tis a wonderful iſland!
All of 'em long for the iſland;
Hold a bit there, (let 'em)—take fire and air,
But we'll have the ſea and the iſland.

Then ſince Freedom and Neptune have hitherto kept tune,
In each ſaying, This ſhall be my land,
Shou'd the army of England, or all they cou'd bring, land,
We'd ſhow 'em ſome play for the iſland;
We'd fight for our right to the iſland,
We'd give 'em enough of the iſland;
Frenchmen ſhou'd juſt—bite at our duſt,
But not a bit more of the iſland.

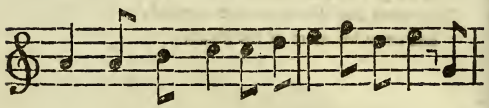
SONG VI.

HEARTS OF OAK.

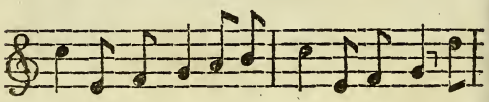
Allegro Moderato.



Come cheer up my lads, 'tis to glory we ſteer, To

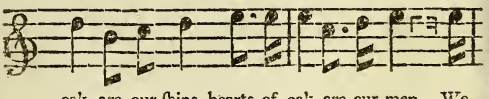


add ſomething more to this wonderful year; To

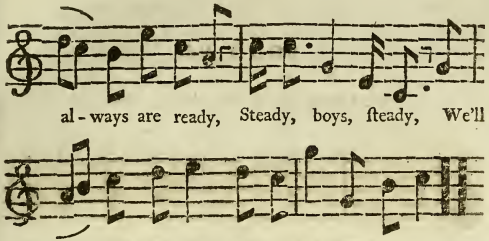


honour we call you, not preſs you like ſlaves, For

who are ſo free as we ſons of the waves. Hearts of



oak are our ſhips, hearts of oak are our men, We



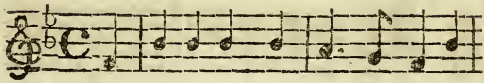
We ne'er ſee our foes but we wiſh them to ſtay,
They never ſee us but they wiſh us away,
If they run, why we follow, and run them aſhore,
For if they won't fight us we cannot do more.
Hearts of oak, &c.

They ſwear they'll invade us theſe terrible foes,
They frighten our women, our children, and beaux,
But ſhou'd their flat bottoms in darkneſs get o'er,
Still Britons they'll find to receive them on ſhore.
Hearts of oak, &c.

We'll ſtill make 'em run, and we'll ſtill make 'em ſweat,
In ſpite of the devil and Bruſſels Gazette;
Then cheer up my lads, with one heart let us ſing,
Our ſoldiers, our ſailors, our ſtateſmen, and king.
Hearts of oak, &c.

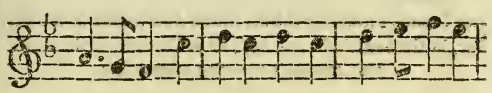
SONG VII.

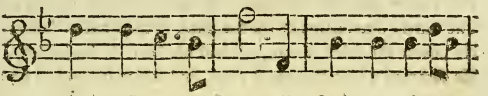
ON ADMIRAL DUNCAN'S VICTORY.

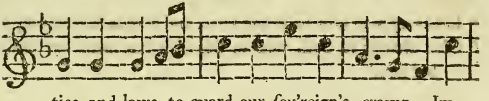


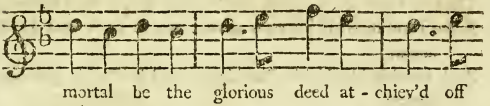
fame, A prouder deed of fame. To ſhield our

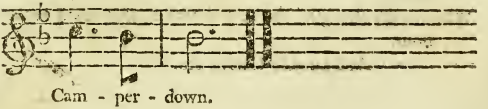
li - ber - ties and laws, to guard our ſov'reign's


crown, Than noble Duncan's mighty arm at-


chiev'd off Camperdown. To ſhield our liber-


ties and laws, to guard our ſov'reign's crown, Im-


mortal be the glorious deed at - chiev'd off


Cam - per - down.

October the eleventh it was, he ſpied the Dutch at nine,
The Britiſh ſignal flew to break their cloſe embattled line;
Their line was broke, for all our tars, on that auſpicious day,
All bitter memory of the paſt had vowed to wipe away.
Their line was broke, &c.

At three o'clock nine mighty ſhips had ſtruck their colours proud,
And two brave admirals at his feet their vanquiſh'd flags had bow'd;
Our Duncan's towering colours ſtream'd all honour to the laſt,
For, in the battle's fierceſt rage, he nail'd them to the maſt.
Our Duncan's towering colours, &c.

The victory was now complete; the cannon ceas'd to roar;
The ſcatter'd remnants of the foe ſlunk to their native ſhore;
No power the pride of conqueſt had his heart to lead aſtray,
He ſummon'd his triumphant crew, and this was heard to ſay:

CHORUS.

"Let every man now bend the knee, and here in ſolemn pray'r,
"Give thanks to God, who in this fight has made our cauſe 'his care."

Then on the deck, the noble field of that proud day's renown,
Brave Duncan with his crew devout before their God knelt down,
And humbly bleſs'd his Providence, and hail'd his guardian power,
Who valour, ſtrength, and ſkill inſpir'd in that dread battle's hour.
And humbly bleſs'd, &c.

The captive Dutch this ſolemn ſcene ſurvey'd with ſilent awe,
And rue'd the day when Holland join'd to France's impious law,
And marked how virtue, courage, faith, unite to form this land,
For victory, for fame and power, juſt rule, and high command,
And marked, &c.

The Venerable was the ſhip that bore his flag to fame,
Our veteran hero well becomes his gallant veſſel's name;
Behold his locks! they ſpeak the toil of many a ſtormy day;
For fifty years and more, my boys, has fighting been his way.

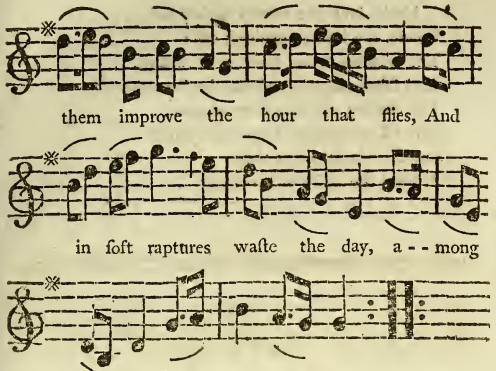
GRAND CHORUS.

Behold his locks! they ſpeak the toil of many a ſtormy day,
For fifty years and more, my boys, has fighting been his way;
The Venerable was the ſhip that bore his flag to fame,
And venerable ever be our vet'ran Duncan's name!

SONG VIII.

THE BIRKS OF INVERMAY.

The ſmiling morn, the breath - ing ſpring,
In - - vite the tuneful birds to ſing, And
while they warble from each ſpray, Love
melts the u - - ni - - ver - - ſal lay. Let
us, A - - man - - da, time - - - ly wife, Like



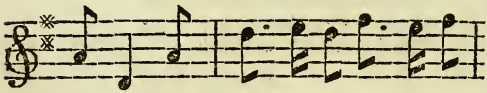
For ſoon the winter of the year,
And age, life's winter, will appear,
At this thy living bloom will fade,
As that will ſtrip thy verdant ſhade;
Our taſte of pleaſure then is o'er,
The feather'd ſongſters are no more;
And when they droop, and we decay,
Adieu the birks of Invermay.

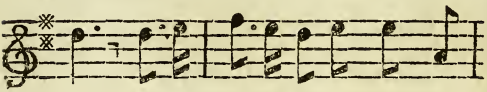
Behold the hills and vales around,
With lowing herds and flocks abound;
The wanton kids and friſking lambs,
Gambol and dance about their dams;
The buſy bees with humming noiſe,
And all the reptile kind rejoice;
Let us, like them, then ſing and play
About the birks of Invermay.

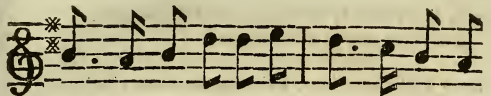
Hark, how the waters as they fall,
Loudly my love to gladneſs call:
The wanton waves ſport in the beams,
And fiſhes play throughout the ſtreams;
The circling ſun does now advance,
And all the planets round him dance:
Let us as jovial be as they
Among the birks of Invermay.

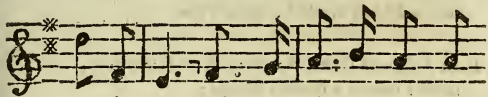
SONG IX.

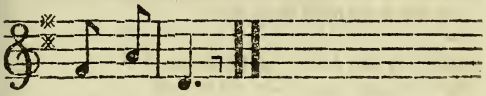
THE VICAR AND MOSES.











The evening was dark, when in came the clerk,
With reverence due and ſubmiſſion;
Firſt ſtrok'd his cravat, then twirl'd round his hat,
And bowing, preferr'd his petition.

I'm come, Sir, ſaid he, to beg, look d'ye ſee,
Of your reverend worſhip and glory,
To inter a poor baby, with as much ſpeed as may be,
And I'll walk with the lanthorn before you.

The body we'll bury, but pray where's the hurry?
Why Lord, Sir, the corpſe it does ſtay:
You fool hold your peace, ſince miracles ceaſe,
A corpſe, Moſes, can't run away.

Then Moſes he ſmil'd, ſaying, Sir, a ſmall child
Cannot long delay your intentions

Why that's true, by St. Paul, a child that is ſmall
Can never enlarge its dimenſions.

Bring Moſes ſome beer, and bring me ſome, d'ye hear,
I hate to be call'd from my liquor:
Come, Moſes, the King, 'tis a ſcandalous thing,
Such a ſubject ſhould be but a Vicar.

Then Moſes he ſpoke, Sir, 'tis paſt twelve o'clock,
Beſides there's a terrible ſhower;
Why Moſes, you elf, ſince the clock has ſtruck twelve,
I'm ſure it can never ſtrike more.

Beſides, my dear friend, this leſſon attend,
Which to ſay and to ſwear I'll be bold,
That the corpſe, ſnow or rain, can't endanger, that's plain,
But perhaps you or I may take cold.

Then Moſes went on, Sir the clock has ſtruck one,
Pray maſter look up at the hand;
Why it ne'er can ſtrike leſs, 'tis a folly to preſs
A man for to go that can't ſtand.

At length hat and cloak old Orthodox took,
But cram'd his jaw with a quid;
Each tipt off a gill for fear they ſhould chill,
And then ſtagger'd away ſide by ſide.

When come to the grave, the clerk hum'd a ſtave,
Whilſt the ſurplice was wrapt round the prieſt;
Where ſo droll was the figure of Moſes and Vicar,
That the pariſh ſtill talk of the jeſt.

Good people, let's pray, put the corpſe t'other way,
Or perchance I will over it ſtumble;
'Tis beſt to take care, tho' the ſages declare,
A *mortuum caput* can't tremble.

Woman that's born of a man, that's wrong, the leaf's torn;
A man, that is born of a woman,
Can't continue an hour, but's cut down like a flow'r;
You ſee, Moſes, death ſpareth no man.

Here Moſes do look, what a confounded book;
Sure the letters are turn'd upſide down,
Such a ſcandalous print! ſure the devil is in't,
That this Baſket ſhould print for the Crown.

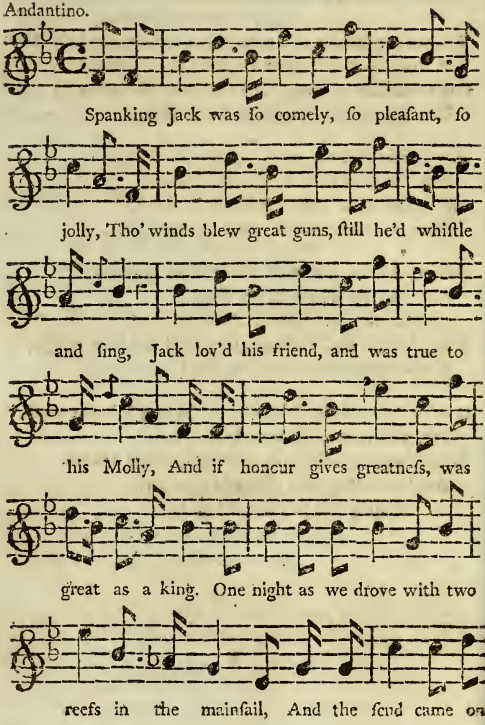
Prithee, Moſes, you read, for I cannot proceed,
And bury the corpſe in my ſtead.
(Amen, Amen.)
Why, Moſes, you're wrong, pray hold ſtill your tongue,
You've taken the tail for the head.

O where's thy ſting, Death! put the corpſe in the earth,
For, believe me, 'tis terrible weather:
So the corpſe was interr'd, without praying a word,
And away they both ſtagger'd together,
Singing Tol de rol ti dol di dol.

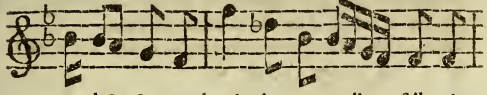
SONG X.

THE SAILOR'S CONSOLATION.

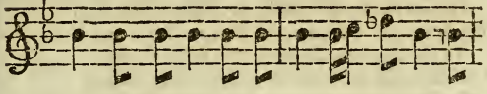
Andantino.


Spanking Jack was ſo comely, ſo pleaſant, ſo
jolly, Tho' winds blew great guns, ſtill he'd whiſtle
and ſing, Jack lov'd his friend, and was true to
his Molly, And if honeur gives greatneſs, was
great as a king. One night as we drove with two
reefs in the mainſail, And the ſcud came on

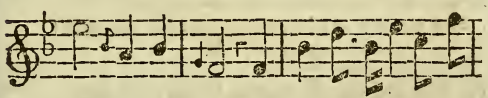
low'r-ing up-on a lee ſhore, Jack went up



a-loft for to hand the top gal'nt-ſail, A

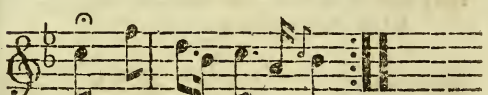


ſpray waſh'd him off, and we ne'er ſaw him more, We



ne'er ſaw him more. But grieving's a folly, come

let us be jolly, If we've troubles at ſea



boys, we've pleaſures aſhore.

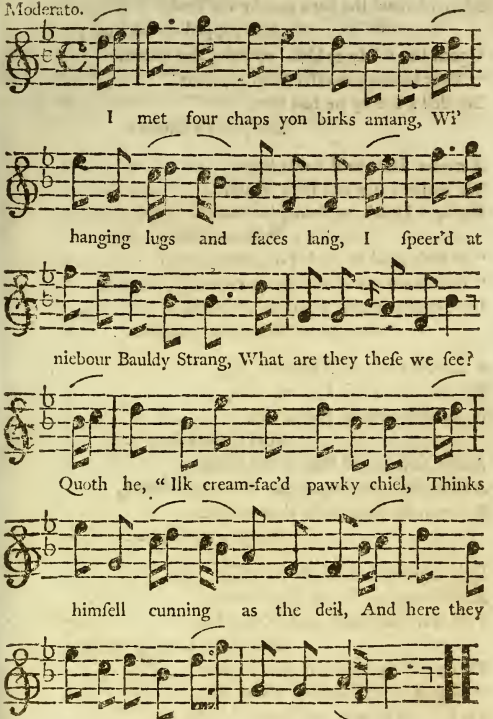
Whiffling Tom ſtill of miſchief or fun in the middle,
Through life in all weathers at random would jog,
He'd dance and he'd ſing, and he'd play on the fiddle,
And ſwig with an air his allowance of grog:
Long ſide of a Don in the Terrible frigate,
As yard arm and yard arm we lay off the ſhore,
In and out whiffling Tom did ſo caper and jig it,
That his head was ſhot off, and we ne'er ſaw him more!
But grieving's a folly, &c.

Bonny Ben was to each jolly meſsmate a brother,
He was manly and honeſt, good natur'd and free,
If ever one tar was more true than another,
To his friend and his duty, that ſailor was he:
One day with the davit to heave the cadge anchor,
Ben went in the boat on a bold craggy ſhore,
He overboard tipt, when a ſhark and a ſpanker
Soon nipt him in two, and we ne'er ſaw him more!
But grieving's a folly, &c.

But what of it all lads? ſhall we be down hearted,
Becauſe that mayhap we now take our laſt ſup?
Life's cable muſt one day or other be parted,
And death in faſt mooring will bring us all up.
But 'tis always the way on't; one ſcarce finds a brother,
Fond as pitch, honeſt, hearty, and true to the core,
But by battle or ſtorm, or ſome d—n'd thing or other,
He's popp'd off the hooks, and we ne'er ſee him more.
But grieving's a folly, &c.

SONG XI.

JENNY'S BAWBEE.


Moderato.
I met four chaps yon birks amang, Wi'
hanging lugs and faces lang, I ſpeer'd at
niebour Bauldy Strang, What are they theſe we ſee?
Quoth he, "Ilk cream-fac'd pawky chiel, Thinks
himſell cunning as the deil, And here they
cam' awa' to ſteal, Jenny's bawbee."

The firſt, a captain to his trade,
Wi' ill-lin'd ſcull, and back weel clad,
March'd roun' the barn and by the ſhed,
And papped on his knee;
Quoth he, " My goddeſs, nymph, and queen,
" Your beauty's dazzl'd baith my een;"
But deil a beauty he had ſeen,
But Jenny's bawbee.

A norlan' laird neiſt trotted up,
Wi' baſſen'd nag and ſiller whup,
Cry'd, " Here's my beaſt, lad had the grup,
" Or tie him to a tree:
" What's goud to me? I've wealth o' lan',
" Beſtow on ane o' worth your han';"
He thought to pay what he was awn,
Wi' Jenny's bawbee.

A lawyer neiſt, wi' blatherin' gab,
Wi' ſpeeches wove like ony wab,
In ilk anes corn he took a dab,
And a' for a fee;
Accounts he owed thro' a the town,
And tradeſmens tongues nae mair cou'd drown,
But now he thought to clout his gown,
Wi' Jenny's bawbee.

Quite ſpruce, juſt frae the waſhing tubs,
A fool came neiſt, but life has rubs,
Foul were the roads, and fu' the dubs,
And fair beſmear'd was he;
He danc'd up, ſquintin' thro' a glaſs,
And grinn'd, " I' faith a bonny laſs,"
He thought to win, wi' front of braſs,
Jenny's bawbee.

She bad the laird gae kaim his wig,
The ſoger not to ſtrut ſae big,
The lawyer not to be a prig,
The fool he cried, " Tee-hee,
" I ken'd that I could never fail,"
But ſhe prinn'd the diſh-clout to his tail,
And cool'd him wi' a water-pail,
And kept her bawbee.

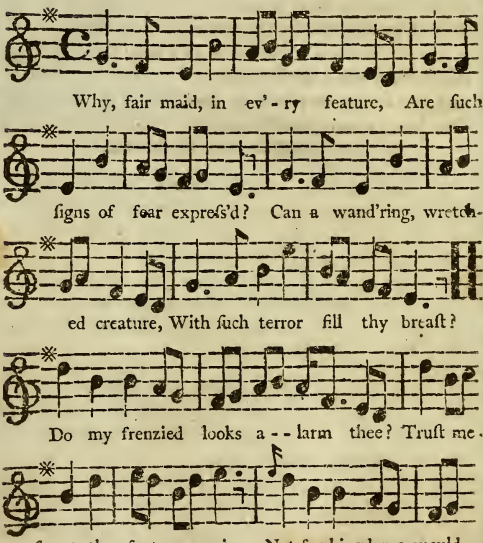
Then Johnny cam', a lad o' ſenſe,
Altho' he had na mony pence,
He took young Jenny to the ſpence,
Wi' her to crack a wee;
Now Johnny was a clever chiel,
And here his ſuit he preſs'd ſae weel,
That Jenny's heart grew ſaft as jeel,
And ſhe birl'd her bawbee.

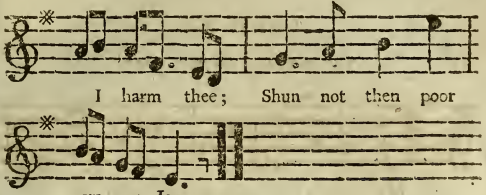
SONG XII.

CRAZY JANE.

[The following was written in consequence of a Lady having in her walks, during a residence in the country, met a poor mad woman, known by the above appellation, at whose appearance the Lady was much alarmed.]

Tune—*Gin ye meet a bonny lassie.*


Why, fair maid, in ev'-ry feature, Are such
signs of fear express'd? Can a wand'ring, wretch-
ed creature, With such terror fill thy breast?
Do my frenzied looks a--larm thee? Trust me.
sweet, thy fears are vain; Not for kingdoms would



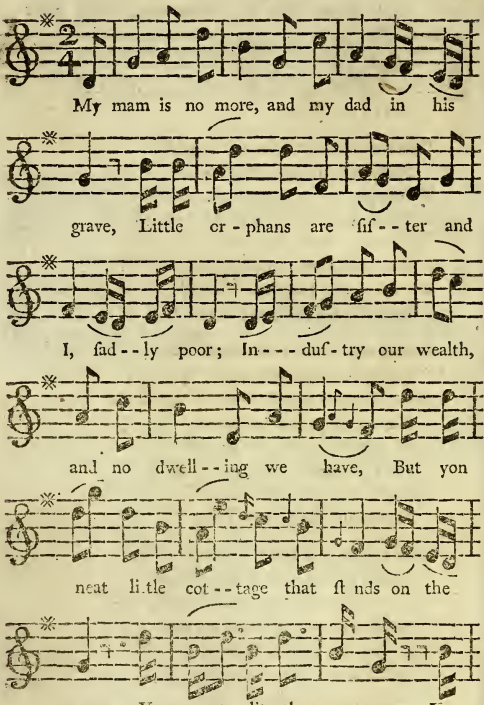
Doſt thou weep to ſee my anguiſh?
Mark me, and avoid my woe;
When men flatter, ſigh, and languiſh,
Think them falſe—I found them ſo.
For I lov'd, oh ſo ſincerely!
None could ever love again!
But the youth I lov'd ſo dearly,
Stole the wits of crazy Jane.

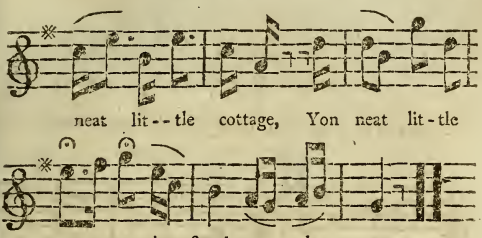
Fondly my young heart receiv'd him,
Which was doom'd to love but one;
He ſigh'd—he vow'd—and I believ'd him,
He was falſe, and I undone.
From that hour, has reaſon never
Held her empire o'er my brain;
Henry fled—with him for ever
Fled the wits of crazy Jane.

Now forlorn and broken hearted,
And with frenzied thoughts beſet,
On that ſpot where once we parted,
On that ſpot where firſt me met,
Still I ſing my love-lorn ditty,
Still I ſlowly pace the plain;
Whilſt each paſſer-by, in pity,
Cries, "God help thee, crazy Jane."

SONG XIII.

THE COTTAGE ON THE MOOR.


My mam is no more, and my dad in his
grave, Little or - phans are fif - - ter and
I, fad - - ly poor; In - - - duf - try our wealth,
and no dwell - - ing we have, But yon
neat li.tle cot - - tage that ft nds on the
moor. Yon neat lit - tle cot - tage, Yon



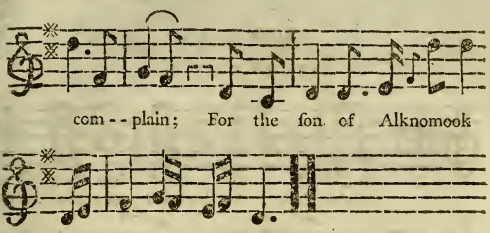
The lark's early ſong does to labour invite;
Contented, we juſt keep the wolf from the door;
And, Phœbus retiring, trip home with delight,
To our neat little cottage that ſtands on the moor.
Yon neat little cottage, &c.

Our meals are but homely, mirth ſweetens our cheer,
Affection's our inmate, the gueſt we adore;
And heart-eaſe and health make a palace appear
Of our neat little cottage that ſtands on the moor.
Yon neat little cottage, &c.

SONG XIV.

CELEBRATED DEATH-SONG OF THE CHEROKEE INDIAN.

The ſun ſets at night, and the ſtars ſhun
tr.
the day, But glory re-mains when their
tr.
lights fade a-----way: Be---gin, ye
tormentors, your threats are in vain, For the
ſon of Alk--no--mook ſhall ne----ver



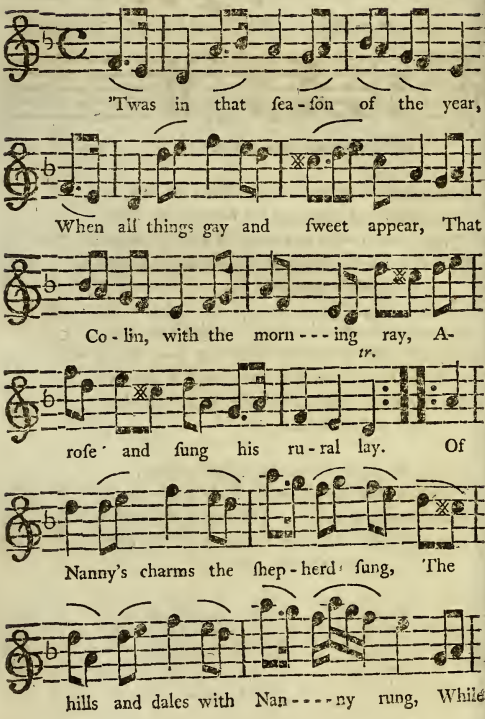
Remember the arrows he ſhot from his bow,
Remember your chiefs by his hatchet laid low;
Why ſo ſlow?—Do you wait till I ſhrink from the pain?
No!—the ſon of Alknomook ſhall never complain.
No!—the ſon, &c.

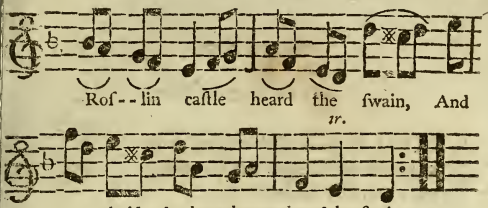
Remember the wood where in ambuſh we lay,
And the ſcalps which we bore from your nation away.
Now the flame riſes faſt, they exult in my pain;
But the ſon of Alknomook can never complain.
But the ſon, &c.

I go to the land where my father is gone;
His ghoſt ſhall rejoice in the fame of his ſon.
Death comes as a friend, he relieves me from pain;
And the ſon of Alknomook has ſcorn'd to complain!
And the ſon, &c.

SONG XV.

ROSLIN CASTLE.


'Twas in that ſea-ſon of the year,
When all things gay and ſweet appear, That
Co-lin, with the morn---ing ray, A-
tr.
roſe and ſung his ru-ral lay. Of
Nanny's charms the ſhep-herd ſung, The
hills and dales with Nan----ny rung, While



Awake, ſweet muſe! the breathing ſpring
With rapture warms; awake and ſing!
Awake and join the vocal throng
Who hail the morning with a ſong!
To Nanny raiſe the cheerful lay;
O bid her haſte and come away;
In ſweeteſt ſmiles herſelf adorn,
And add new graces to the morn.

O hark, my love! on ev'ry ſpray
Each feather'd warbler tunes his lay!
'Tis beauty fires the raviſh'd ſong,
And love inſpires the melting throng.
Then let my raptur'd notes ariſe:
For beauty darts from Nanny's eyes;
And love my riſing boſom warms,
And fills my ſoul with ſweet alarms.

O come, my love! thy Colin's lay
With rapture calls; O come away!
Come, while the muſe this wreath ſhall twine
Around that modeſt brow of thine!
O hither haſte, and with thee bring
That beauty blooming like the ſpring
Thoſe graces that divinely ſhine!
And charm this raviſh'd breaſt of mine.

SONG XVI.

To the foregoing Tune.

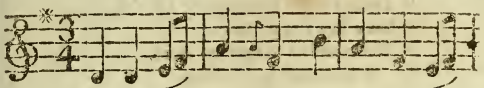
FROM Roſlin Caſtle's echoing walls
Reſounds my ſhepherd's ardent calls;
My Colin bids me come away,
And love demands I ſhould obey.
His melting ſtrain and tuneful lay
So much the charms of love diſplay,
I yield,—nor longer can refrain
To own my love, and bleſs my ſwain.

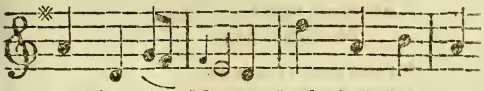
No longer can my heart conceal
The painful pleaſing flame I feel;
My ſoul retorts the am'rous ſtrain,
And echoes back in love again.
Where lurks my ſongſter? From what grove
Does Colin pour his notes of love?
O bring me to the happy bow'r
Where mutual love may bliſs ſecure.

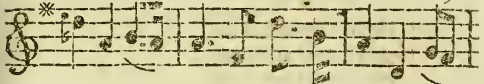
Ye vocal hills that catch the ſong,
Repeating, as it flies along,
To Colin's ear my ſtrain convey,
And ſay, I haſte to come away.
Ye zephyrs ſoft that fan the gale,
Waft to my love the ſoothing tale;
In whiſpers all my ſoul expreſs,
And tell, I haſte his arms to bleſs.

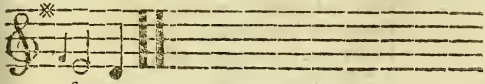
SONG XVII.

DONNEL AND FLORA.









" Loud howls the northern blaſt,
" Bleak is the dreary waſte;—
" Haſte then, O Donnel haſte,
" Haſte to thy Flora.
" Twice twelve long months are o'er,
" Since in a foreign ſhore
" You promis'd to fight no more,
" But meet me in Mora.

" Where now is Donnel dear?"
" Maids cry with taunting ſneer,
" Say, is he ſtill ſincere
" To his lov'd Flora?"
" Parents upbraid my moan,
" Each heart is turn'd to ſtone—
" Ah, Flora! thou'rt now alone,
" Friendleſs in Mora!

" Come then, O come away,
" Donnel no longer ſtay;
" Where can my rover ſtray
" From his dear Flora?
" Ah ſure he ne'er could be
" Falſe to his vows to me—
" O heaven! is not yonder he
" Bounding in Mora?"

" Never, O wretched fair,
(Sigh'd the ſad meſſenger)
" Never ſhall Donnel mair
" Meet his lov'd Flora.
" Cold, cold, beyond the main,
" Donnel thy love lies ſlain;
" He ſent me to ſoothe thy pain,
" Weeping in Mora.

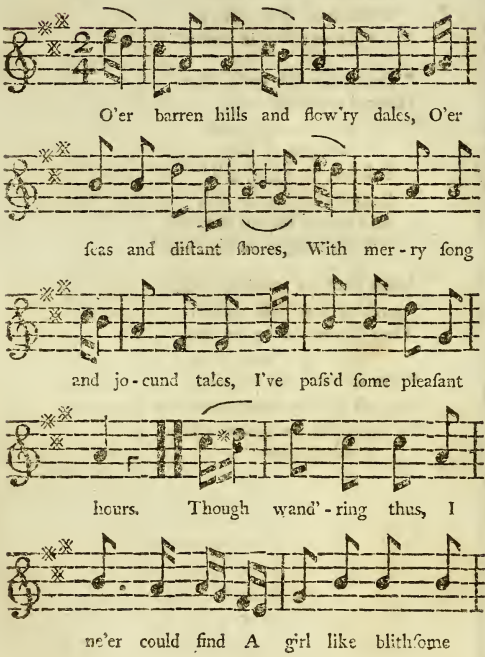
" Well fought our gallant men,
" Headed by brave Burgoyne;
" Our heroes were thrice led on
" To Britiſh glory:
" But ah! tho' our foes did flee,
" Sad was the loſs to thee,
" While every freſh victory
" Drown'd us in ſorrow."

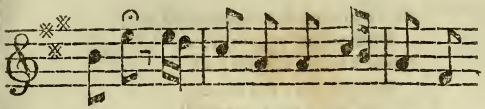
" Here, take this truſty blade,"
(Donnel expiring, ſaid)
" Give it to yon dear maid
" Weeping in Mora.
" Tell her, O Allan, tell,
" Donnel thus bravely fell,
" And that in his laſt farewell,
" He thought on his Flora."

Mute ſtood the trembling fair,
Speechleſs with wild deſpair,
Then ſtriking her boſom bare,
Sigh'd out, " Poor Flora!
" Oh Donnel! Oh welladay!"
Was all the fond heart could ſay;
At length the ſound died away,
Feebly in Mora.

SONG XVIII.

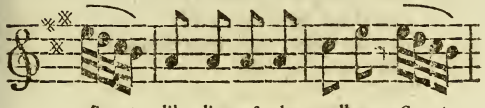
SWEET LILLIES OF THE VALLEY.


O'er barren hills and flow'ry dales, O'er
seas and distant shores, With mer-ry song
and jo-cund tales, I've pass'd some pleasant
hours. Though wand'-ring thus, I
ne'er could find A girl like blithsome

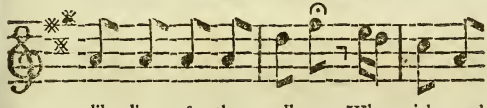


Sally, Who picks and culls, and cries a-

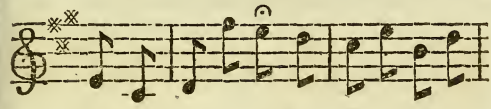
loud, Who picks and culls, and cries aloud,



Sweet lil--lies of the valley, Sweet



lil--lies of the valley; Who picks and

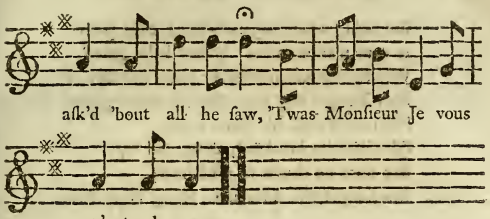


culls, and cries aloud, Sweet lil-lies of the

val-ley.

From whiſtling o'er the harrow'd turf,
From neſting of each tree,
I choſe a ſoldier's life to lead,
So ſocial, gay, and free:
Yet tho' the laſſes love as well,
And often try to rally,
None pleaſes me like her that cries,
Sweet lillies of the valley.

I'm now return'd (of late diſcharg'd)
To uſe my native toil,
From fighting in my country's cauſe,
To plough my country's ſoil;
I care not which, with either pleas'd,
So I poſſeſs my Sally,
That little merry nymph that cries,
Sweet lillies of the valley.



John to the Palais Royal come,
Its ſplendour almoſt ſtruck him dumb;
I ſay, whoſe houſe is that there here?
Hoſſe! Je vous n'entends pas Monſieur.
What Nong Tong Paw again? cries John,
This fellow is ſome mighty Don!
No doubt h'as plenty for the maw,
I'll breakfaſt with this Nong Tong Paw.

John ſaw Verſailles from Marli's height,
And cried, aſtoniſh'd at the ſight,
Whoſe fine eſtate is that there here?
Stat! Je vous n'entends pas Monſieur.
His? what the land and houſes too?
The fellow's richer than a Jew!
On every thing he lays his claw,
I ſhould like to dine with Nong Tong Paw.

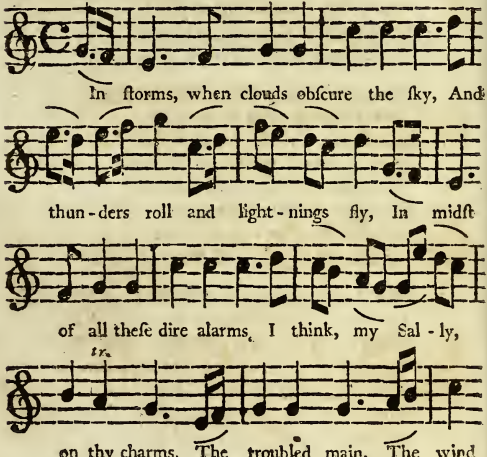
Next tripping came a courtly fair;
John cried, enchanted with her air,
What lovely wench is that there here?
Ventch! Je vous n'entends pas Monſieur.
What, he again? upon my life;
A palace, lands, and then a wife;
Sir Joſhua might delight to draw;
I ſhould like to ſup with Nong Tong Paw.

But hold, whoſe funeral's that? cries John;
Je vous n'entends pas: what! is he gone?
Wealth, fame, and beauty could not ſave
Poor Nong Tong Paw then from the grave:
His race is run, his game is up,
I'd with him breakfaſt, dine, and ſup,
But ſince he chuſes to withdraw,
Good-night t'ye Mounſeer Nong Tong Paw.

SONG XXI.

LASH'D TO THE HELM.

Andantino.


In ſtorms, when clouds obſcure the ſky, And
thun-ders roll and light-nings fly, In midſt
of all theſe dire alarms, I think, my Sal-ly,
tr.
on thy charms. The troubled main, The wind

tr
and rain, My ar--dent paſ--ſion prove
Laſh'd to the helm, Shou'd ſeas o'erwhelm, I'd
think on thee, my love, I'd think on thee,
my love, I'd think on thee, my love
Laſh'd to the helm, Shou'd ſeas o'erwhelm, I'd
tr.
think on thee my love.

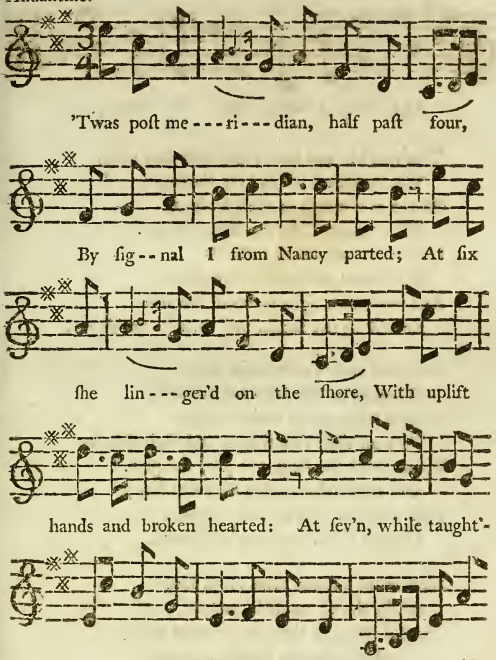
When rocks appear on ev'ry ſide,
And art is vain the ſhip to guide,
In varied ſhapes when death appears,
The thoughts of thee my boſom cheers:
The troubled main,
The wind and rain,
My ardent paſſion prove;
Laſh'd to the helm,
Shou'd ſeas o'erwhelm,
I'd think on thee my love.

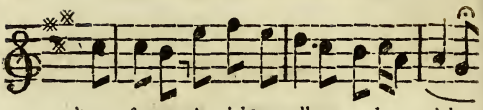
But ſhou'd the gracious pow'rs be kind,
Diſpel the gloom and ſtill the wind,
And waft me to thy arms once more,
Safe to my long-loſt native ſhore;
No more the main
I'd tempt again,
But tender joys improve;
I then with thee
Shou'd happy be,
And think on nought but love.

SONG XXII.

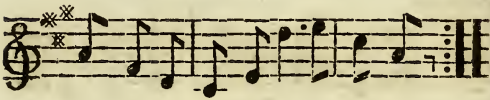
THE SAILOR'S JOURNAL.

Andantino.


'Twas poſt me - - - ri - - - dian, half paſt four,
By ſig - - nal I from Nancy parted; At ſix
ſhe lin - - - ger'd on the ſhore, With uplift
hands and broken hearted: At ſev'n, while taught'-
ning the fore-ſtay, I ſaw her faint, or elſe



'twas fancy; At eight we all got under weigh,



And bid a long adieu to Nancy.

'Twas night, and now eight bells had rung,
When careleſs ſailors ever cheery,
On the mid-watch ſo cheerful ſung,
With tempers labours cannot weary.
I, little to their mirth inclin'd,
For tender wiſhes fill'd my fancy,
And my warm ſighs increas'd the wind,
Look'd on the moon, and thought on Nancy.

And now arriv'd that jovial night,
When ev'ry true bred tar carouſes,
Around the grog all hands delight,
To toaſt their ſweethearts and their ſpouſes.
Round went the ſong, the jeſt, the glee,
And youthful thoughts fill every fancy,
And when in turn it came to me,
I heav'd a ſigh, and toaſted Nancy.

Next morn a ſtorm came on at four;
At ſix the elements in motion,
Plung'd me, and three poor ſailors more,
Headlong into the foaming ocean;

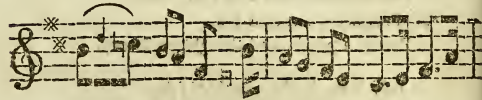
Poor wretches, they ſoon found their graves,
For me it may be only fancy,
But love ſeem'd to forbid the waves
To ſnatch me from the arms of Nancy.

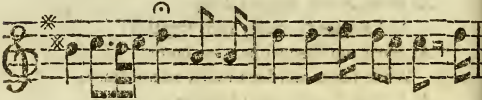
Scarce the foul hurricane was clear'd,
Scarce winds and waves had ceas'd to rattle,
When a bold enemy appear'd,
And dauntleſs we prepar'd for battle.
And now, while ſome lov'd friend or wife
Like lightning ruſh'd on every fancy,
To Providence I truſted life,
Put up a pray'r, and thought on Nancy,

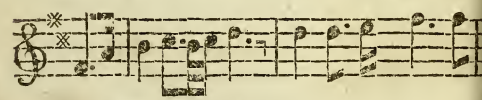
At laſt, 'twas in the month of May,
The crew, it being lovely weather,
At three, A. M. diſcover'd day,
And England's chalky cliffs together:
At ſeven, up channel how we bore!
While hopes and fears ruſh'd on my fancy;
At twelve, I gaily jump'd aſhore,
And to my throbbing heart preſs'd Nancy.

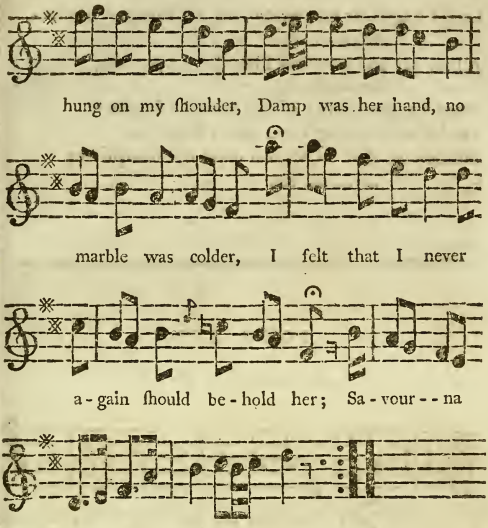
SONG XXIII.

SAVOURNA DELISH.







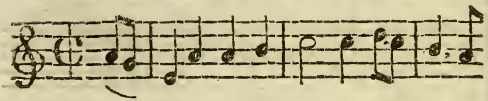

hung on my ſhoulder, Damp was her hand, no
marble was colder, I felt that I never
a-gain ſhould be-hold her; Sa-vour--na
De--liſh Shighan Oh.

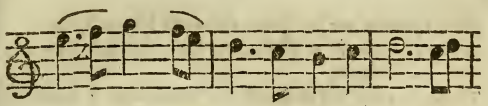
When the word of command put our men into motion,
Savourna, &c.
I buckl'd my knapſack to croſs the wide ocean,
Savourna, &c.
Briſk were our troops, all rearing like thunder,
Pleas'd with the voyage, impatient for plunder,
My boſom with grief was almoſt torn aſunder.
Savourna, &c.

Long I fought for my country, far, far from my true love,
Savourna, &c.
All my pay and my booty I hoarded for you love,
Savourna, &c.
Peace was proclaim'd; eſcap'd from the ſlaughter,
Landed at home, my ſweet girl, I ſought her,
But ſorrow, alas! to her cold grave had brought her.
Savourna, &c.

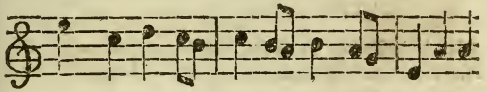
SONG XXIV.

JOHN ANDERSON, MY JOE.

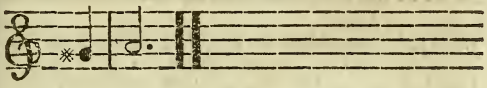




bald, John, your locks are like the ſnow, Yet



bleſſings on your froſty pow, John Anderſon



my joe.

John Anderſon my joe, John, ye were my firſt conceit,
And ay at kirk and market I've kept you trim and neat;
There's ſome folk ſay your failing, John, but I ſcarce believe it's ſo,
For you're ay the ſame kind man to me, John Anderſon my joe.

John Anderſon my joe, John, we've ſeen our bairns' bairns,
And yet, my dear John Anderſon, I'm happy in your arms,
And ſae are ye in mine, John, I'm ſure ye'll ne'er ſay no,
Tho' the days are gane that we hae ſeen, John Anderſon my joe.

John Anderſon my joe, John, our ſiller ne'er was rife,
And yet we ne'er ſaw poverty ſin' we were man and wife;
We've ay haen bit and brat, John, great bleſſings here below,
And that helps to keep peace at hame, John Anderſon my joe.

John Anderſon my joe, John, the warld lo'es us baith,
We ne'er ſpake ill o' neighbours, John, nor did them ony ſkaith,
To live in peace and quietneſs was a' our care, ye know,
And I'm ſure they'll greet when we are dead, John Anderſon my joe.

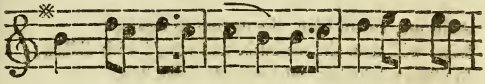
John Anderſon my joe, John, frae year to year we've paſt,
And ſoon that year maun come, John, will bring us to our laſt;
But let na' that affright us, John, our hearts were ne'er our foe,
While in innocent delight we liv'd, John Anderſon, my joe.

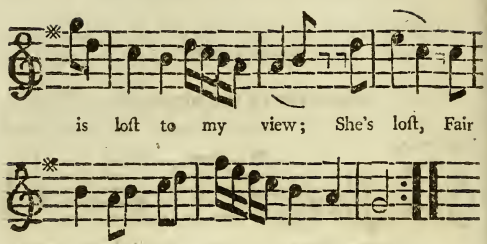
John Anderſon my joe, John, we clamb the hill thegither,
And mony a canty day, John, we've had wi' ane anither;
Now we maun totter down, John, but hand in hand we'll go,
And we'll ſleep thegither at the foot, John Anderſon my joe.

SONG XXV.

HOW SWEET IN THE WOODLANDS.

Moderato.

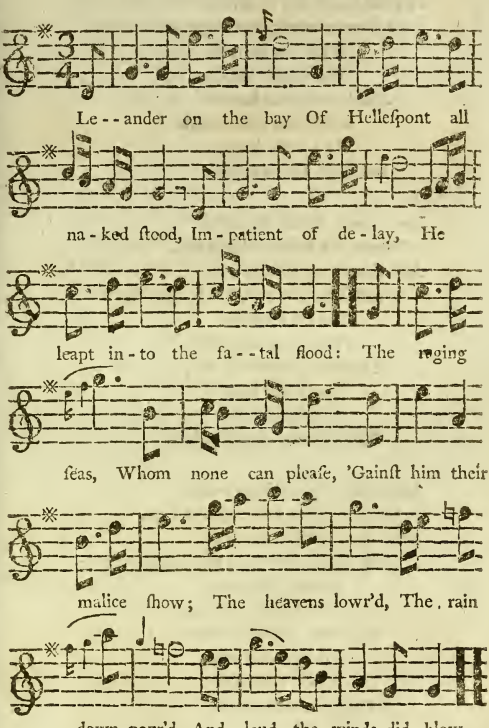




Aſſiſt me, chaſte Dian, the nymph to regain,
More wild than the roe-buck, and wing'd with diſdain;
In pity o'ertake her, who wounds as ſhe flies,
Tho' Daphne's purſu'd, 'tis Myrtillo that dies,—
That dies!
Tho' Daphne's purſu'd, &c.

SONG XXVI.

LEANDER ON THE BAY.


Le--ander on the bay Of Helleſpont all
na-ked ſtood, Im-patient of de-lay, He
leapt in-to the fa--tal flood: The raging
ſeas, Whom none can pleaſe, 'Gainſt him their
malice ſhow; The heavens lowr'd, The rain
down pour'd, And loud the winds did blow.

Then caſting round his eyes,
Thus of his fate he did complain:
Ye cruel rocks and ſkies!
Ye ſtormy winds, and angry main!
What 'tis to miſs
The lover's bliſs,
Alas! ye do not know;
Make me your wreck
As I come back,
But ſpare me as I go.

Lo! yonder ſtands the tower
Where my beloved Hero lies,
And this th' appointed hour
Which ſets to watch her longing eyes.
To his fond ſuit
The gods were mute;
The billows anſwer, No;
Up to the ſkies
The ſurges riſe,
But ſunk the youth as low.

Meanwhile the wiſhing maid,
Divided 'twixt her care and love,
Now does his ſtay upbraid,
Now dreads he ſhou'd the paſſage prove;
O fate! ſaid ſhe,
Nor heaven nor thee
Our vows ſhall e'er divide;
I'd leap this wall,
Could I but fall
By my Leander's ſide.

At length the rising sun
Did to her sight reveal, too late,
That Hero was undone;
Not by Leander's fault, but fate.
Said she, I'll shew,
Tho' we are two,
Our loves were ever one;
This proof I'll give,
I will not live,
Nor shall he die alone.

Down from the wall she leapt
Into the raging seas to him,
Courting each wave she met
To teach her weary'd arms to swim:
The sea gods wept,
Nor longer kept
Her from her lover's side;
When join'd at last,
She grasp'd him fast,
Then sigh'd, embrac'd, and died.

SONG XXVII.

GRAMACHREE MOLLY.

As down on Banna's banks I ſtray'd, One
even-ing in May, The little birds, in blytheſt
notes, Made vo-cal ev'ry ſpray: They ſung their
little tales of love, They ſung them o'er and
o'er; Ah Gramachree, ma Colleenouge, Ma
Mol-ly Aſhtore!

The daiſy pied, and all the ſweets
The dawn of nature yields;
The primroſe pale, the vi'let blue,
Lay ſcatter'd o'er the fields:
Such fragrance in the boſom lies
Of her whom I adore.
Ah Gramachree, &c.

I laid me down upon a bank,
Bewailing my ſad fate,
That doom'd me thus the ſlave of love,
And cruel Molly's hate:
How can ſhe break the honeſt heart
That wears her in its core?
Ah Gramachree, &c.

You ſaid you lov'd me, Molly dear!
Ah! why did I believe?
Yet, who could think ſuch tender words
Were meant but to deceive?
That love was all I aſk'd on earth,
Nay, heaven could give no more.
Ah Gramachree, &c.

Oh had I all the flocks that graze
On yonder yellow hill,
Or low'd for me the num'rous herds
That yon green paſture fill;
With her I love I'd gladly ſhare
My kine and fleecy ſtore.
Ah Gramachree, &c.

Two turtle doves above my head
Sat courting on a bough;

I envied not their happineſs,
To ſee them bill and coo:
Such fondneſs once for me ſhe ſhew'd;
But now, alas! 'tis o'er.
Ah Gramachree, &c.

Then fare thee well, my Molly dear,
Thy loſs I e'er ſhall mourn;
Whilſt life remains in Strephon's heart,
'Twill beat for thee alone:
Tho' thou art falſe, may heav'n on thee
Its choiceſt bleſſings pour.
Ah Gramachree, &c.

SONG XXVIII.

THE MAID IN BEDLAM.

To the foregoing Tune.

ONE morning very early, one morning in the ſpring,
I heard a maid in Bedlam, who mournfully did ſing;
Her chains ſhe rattled on her hands, while ſweetly thus ſung ſhe:
I love my love, becauſe I know my love loves me.

Oh cruel were his parents, who ſent my love to ſea;
And cruel, cruel was the ſhip that bore my love from me:
Yet I love his parents, ſince they're his, altho' they've ruin'd me;
And I love my love, becauſe I know my love loves me.

Oh ſhould it pleaſe the pitying pow'rs to call me to the ſky,
I'd claim a guardian angel's charge, around my love to fly;
To guard him from all dangers, how happy ſhould I be!
For I love my love, becauſe I know my love loves me.

I'll make a ſtrawy garland, I'll make it wond'rous fine;
With roſes, lillies, daiſies, I'll mix the eglantine;
And I'll preſent it to my love when he returns from ſea;
For I love my love, becauſe I know my love loves me.

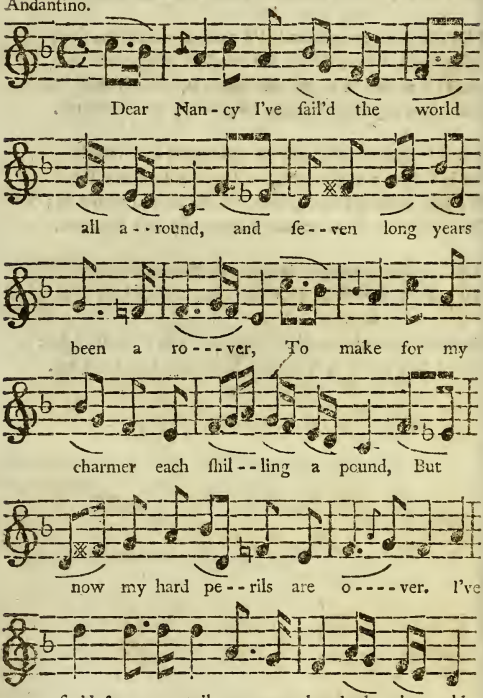
Oh if I were a little bird, to build upon his breaſt!
Or if I were a nightingale, to ſing my love to reſt!
To gaze upon his lovely eyes, all my reward ſhou'd be;
For I love my love, becauſe I know my love loves me.

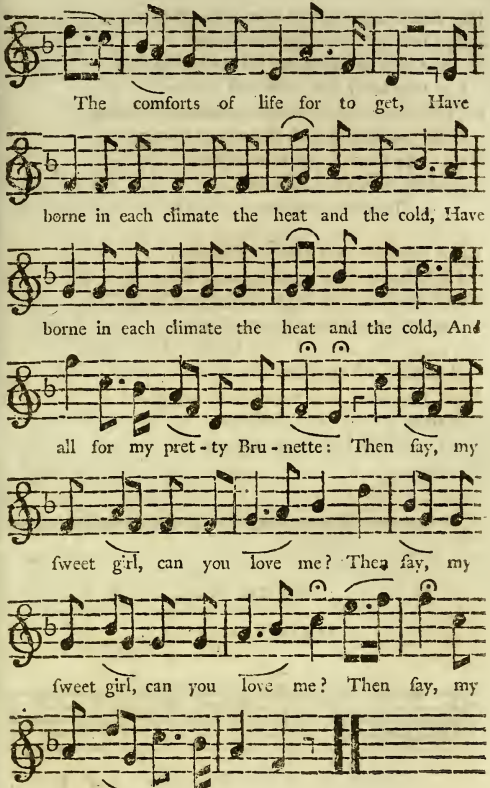
Oh if I were an eagle, to ſoar into the ſky!
I'd gaze around with piercing eyes, where I my love might ſpy:
But ah! unhappy maiden! that love you ne'er ſhall ſee;
Yet I love my love, becauſe I know my love loves me.

SONG XXIX.

THEN SAY, MY SWEET GIRL, CAN YOU LOVE ME?

Andantino.


Dear Nan-cy I've fail'd the world
all a--round, and fe--ven long years
been a ro---ver, To make for my
charmer each fhil--ling a pound, But
now my hard pe--rils are o----ver. I've
fav'd from my toils ma-ny hundreds in gold,


The comforts of life for to get, Have
borne in each climate the heat and the cold, Have
borne in each climate the heat and the cold, And
all for my pret-ty Bru-nette: Then fay, my
fweet girl, can you love me? Then fay, my
fweet girl, can you love me? Then fay, my
fweet girl, can you love me?

Tho' others may boaſt of more riches than mine,
And rate my attractions e'en fewer;
At their jeers and ill-nature I'll ſcorn to repine,
Can they boaſt of a heart that is truer?
Or, will they for thee plough the hazardous main,
Brave the ſeaſons both ſtormy and wet?
If not, why I'll do it again and again,
And all for my pretty Brunette.
Then ſay, my ſweet girl, &c.

When order'd afar in purſuit of the foe,
I ſigh'd at the bodings of fancy,
Which fain wou'd perſuade me I might be laid low,
And ah! never more ſee my Nancy:
But hope, like an angel, ſoon baniſh'd the thought,
And bade me ſuch nonſenſe forget;
I took the advice, and undauntedly fought,
And all for my pretty Brunette.
Then ſay, my ſweet girl, &c.

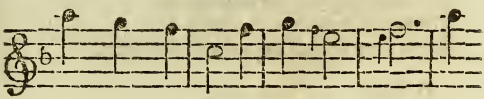
SONG XXX.

BLACK EYED SUSAN.

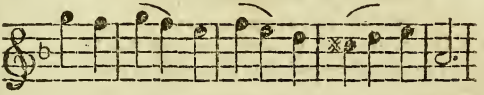
All in the Downs the fleet was moor'd,

The ſtreamers wa--ving in the wind,

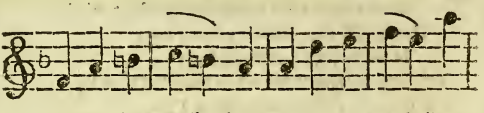
When black-ey'd Sa--ſan came on board;



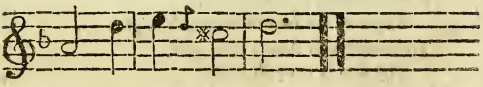
"Oh! where ſhall I my true love find? Tell



me, ye jo--vial ſai--lors, tell me true,



If my ſweet Wil--liam, if my ſweet Wil-liam



ſails among your crew.

William, who high upon the yard,
Rock'd with the billows to and fro,
Soon as her well-known voice he heard,
He ſigh'd, and caſt his eyes below;
The cord ſlides ſwiftly thro' his glowing hands,
And, quick as lightning, on the deck he ſtands.

So the ſweet lark, high pois'd in air,
Shuts cloſe his pinions to his breaſt,
If chance his mate's ſhrill cry he hear,
And drops into her welcome neſt.
The nobleſt captain in the Britiſh fleet,
Might envy William's lips thoſe kiſſes ſweet.

O Suſan, Suſan, lovely dear,
My vows ſhall ever true remain;
Let me kiſs off that falling tear,
We only part to meet again;
Change as ye liſt, ye winds, my heart ſhall be
The faithful compaſs that ſtill points to thee.

Believe not what the landmen ſay,
Who tempt with doubts thy conſtant mind;
They'll tell thee ſailors, when away,
In every port a miſtreſs find:
Yes, yes, believe them when they tell thee ſo,
For thou art preſent wherefoe'er I go.

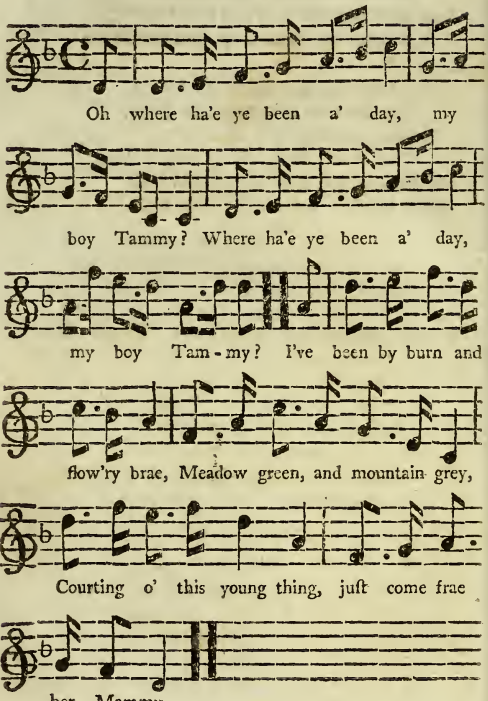
If to fair India's coaſt we ſail,
Thy eyes are ſeen in diamonds bright,
Thy breath's in Afric's ſpicy gale,
Thy ſkin is ivory ſo white:
Thus every beauteous object that I view,
Wakes in my ſoul ſome charms of lovely Sue.

Though battle calls me from thy arms,
Let not my pretty Sufan mourn;
Tho' cannons roar, yet fafe from harms,
William fhall to his dear return.
Love turns afide the balls that round me fly,
Left precious tears fhould drop from Sufan's eye.

The boatfwain gave the dreadful word,
The fails their fwelling bofom fpread,
No longer muft fhe ftay aboard;
They kifs'd, fhe figh'd, he hung his head.
Her lefs'ning boat unwilling rows to land:
Adieu, fhe cries, and wav'd her lily hand.

SONG XXXI.

TAMMY'S COURTSHIP.


Oh where ha'e ye been a' day, my
boy Tammy? Where ha'e ye been a' day,
my boy Tam-my? I've been by burn and
flow'ry brae, Meadow green, and mountain grey,
Courting o' this young thing, juſt come frae
her Mammy

And where gat ye that young thing? my boy Tammy.
And where gat ye that young thing? my boy Tammy.
I gat her down in yonder how,
Smiling on a broomy know,
Herding a wee lamb and ewe for her poor Mammy.

What ſaid ye to that young thing? my boy Tammy.
What ſaid ye to that young thing? my boy Tammy.
I prais'd her een ſae bonny blue,
Her dimpled cheek and cherry mou';
I pree'd it aft, as ye may trow, ſhe ſaid ſhe'd tell her Mammy.

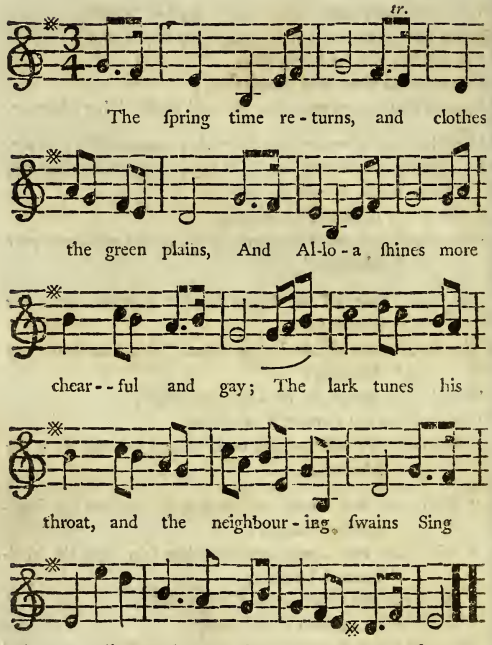
I held her to my beating breaſt; "My young, ſmiling Lammy,
I held her to my beating breaſt; "My young, ſmiling Lammy,
"I hae a houſe, it coſt me dear,
"I've walth o' pleniſhin' and gear,
"Ye'ſe get it a', war't ten times mair, gin ye will leave your
"Mammy."

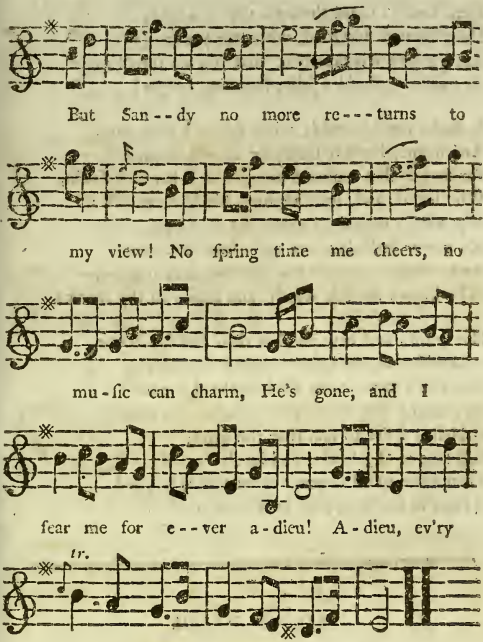
The ſmile gade aff her bonny face; "I manna leave my
"Mammy;
The ſmile gade aff her bonny face; "I manna leave my
"Mammy;
"She's gi'en me meat, ſhe's gi'en me claiſe,
"She's been my comfort a' my days,
"My father's death brought mony waes; I canna leave my
"Mammy."

"We'll tak' her hame, and mak' her fain, my ain kind-
"hearted Lammy;
"We'll tak' her hame, and mak' her fain, my ain kind-
"hearted Lammy;
"We'll gi'e her meat; we'll gi'e her claiſe;
"We'll be her comfort a' her days;"
The wee thing gi'es her hand, and ſays, "There! gang and
"aik my Mammy.

SONG XXXII.

ALLOA HOUSE.


tr.
The ſpring time re - turns, and clothes
the green plains, And Al-lo - a ſhines more
chear - - ful and gay; The lark tunes his
throat, and the neighbour - ing ſwains Sing
merrily round me where - e - - ver I ſtray;


But San--dy no more re---turns to
my view! No ſpring time me cheers, no
mu-ſic can charm, He's gone, and I
fear me for e--ver a-dieu! A-dieu, ev'ry
tr.
pleaſure this bo-ſom can warm.

O Alloa houſe! how much art thou chang'd!
How ſilent, how dull to me is each grove!
Alone I here wander where once we both rang'd,
Alas! where to pleaſe me my Sandy once ſtrove!

Here Sandy I heard the tales that you told;
Here liſtened, too fond, whenever you ſung;
Am I grown leſs fair then, that you are turn'd cold?
Or fooliſh, believ'd a falſe, flattering tongue?

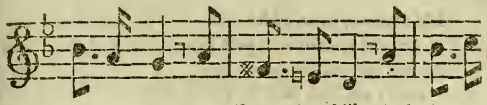
So ſpoke the fair maid; when ſorrow's keen pain,
And ſhame, her laſt fault'ring accents ſuppreſt:
For fate at that moment brought back her dear ſwain,
Who heard, and, with rapture, his Nelly addreſt:
My Nelly! my fair, I come; O my Love,
No power ſhall thee tear again from my arms,
And, Nelly! no more thy fond ſhepherd reprove,
Who knows thy fair worth, and adores all thy charms.

She heard; and new joy ſhot thro' her ſoft frame,
And will you, my love! be true? ſhe reply'd;
And live I to meet my fond ſhepherd the ſame?
Or dream I that Sandy will make me his bride?
O Nelly! I live to find thee ſtill kind;
Still true to thy ſwain, and lovely as true;
Then adieu to all ſorrow! what ſoul is ſo blind
As not to live happy for ever with you?

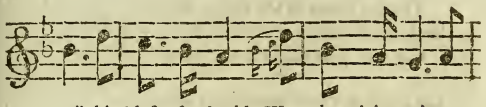
SONG XXXIII.

TAK' YOUR AULD CLOAK ABOUT YE.

In winter when the rain rain'd cauld, And

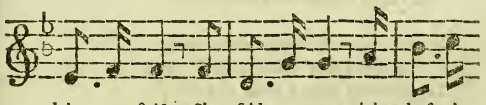


froſt and ſnaw on il----ka hill, And Boreas



wi' his blaſts ſae bauld, Was threat'ning a' our

ky to kill; Then Bell my wife, who



lo'es nae ſtrife, She ſaid to me right haſ-ti-

ly, Get up gudeman, ſave Crummy's life, And

tak' your auld cloak a-bout ye.

My Crummy is an uſeful cow,
And ſhe is come of a guid kine;
Aft has ſhe wet the bairns mou',
And I am laith that ſhe ſhould tyne:
Get up, gudeman, it is fu' time,
The ſun ſhines in the lift ſae hie;
Sloth never made a gracious end,
Gae tak' your auld cloak about ye.

My cloak was anes a guid grey cloak,
When it was fitting for my wear;
But now its ſcantly worth a groat,
For I have worn't this thirty year.
Let's ſpend the gear that we have won,
We little ken the day we'll die;
Then I'll be proud, ſince I have ſworn
To have a new cloak about me.

In days when our king Robert rang,
His trews they coſt but half-a-crown;
He ſaid they were a groat o'er dear,
And ca'd the taylor thief and lown.
He was the king that wore the crown,
And thou'rt a man of laigh degree,
'Tis pride puts a' the country down,
Sae tak' thy auld cloak about ye.

Every land has its ain laugh,
Ilk kind of corn it has its hool;
I think the warld is a' run wrang,
When ilka wife her man wad rule.
Do ye not ſee Rob, Jock, and Hab,
As they are girded gallantly?

While I ſit hurklen in the aſe—
I'll have a new cloak about me.

Gudeman, I wat 'tis thirty years
Since we did ane anither ken;
And we have had between us twa
Of lads and bonny laſſes ten:
Now they are women grown and men,
I wiſh and pray well may they be;
And if you prove a good huſband,
E'en tak' your auld cloak about ye.

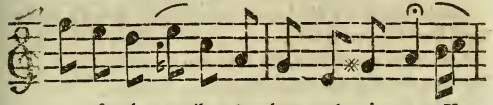
Bell my wife ſhe lo'es nae ſtrife,
But ſhe wad guide me if ſhe can;
And, to maintain an eaſy life,
I aft maun yield, though I'm gudeman.
Nought's to be won at woman's hand,
Unleſs ye gi'e her a' the plea:
Then I'll leave aff where I began,
And tak' my auld cloak about me.

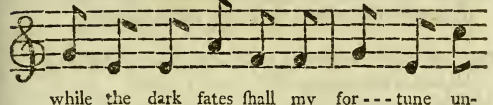
SONG XXXIV.

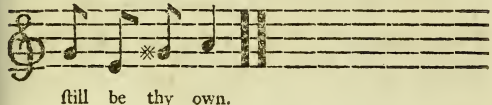
FAREWELL, DEAR GLENOWEN.

Tune—*Tho' Leixlip is proud, &c.*

Farewell, dear Glen-ow-en! a-dieu to thy
mountains, Where oft I have wander'd to
welcome the day; Farewell to thy foreſts,
thy cry-ſtal-line fountains, Which ſtray thro'
the val--ley, and moan as they ſtray. O'er







Thy cities, proud Gallia, thy wide-ſpreading treaſures,
Thy vallies, where Nature luxuriantly roves,
May bid the heart, dancing to Fancy's wild meaſures,
Forget, for a moment, its own native groves:

But where is the boſom that ſighs not in ſorrow,
Eſtrang'd from dear objects, to wander alone,
Still counting the moments, from morrow to morrow,
A poor weary traveller, loſt and unknown?

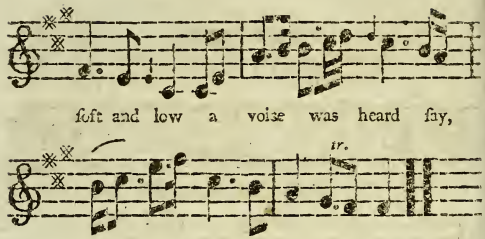
Sweet viſtas of myrtle, and paths of gay roſes,
And hills deck'd with vineyards, and woodlands with ſhades,
Freſh banks of young vi'lets where fancy repoſes,
And courts gentle ſlumbers her viſions to aid;
The dark ſilent grotto, the ſoft-flowing fountains,
Where Nature's own muſic flow murmurs along;
The ſun-beams that dance on the pine-cover'd mountains
May waken to rapture their own native throng.

But thou, dear Glenowen! canſt bring ſweeter pleaſure,
All barren and bleak as thy ſummits appear;
And tho' thou canſt boaſt of no rich gaudy treaſure,
Still memory traces thy charms with a tear!
The keen blaſts may howl o'er thy vallies and mountains,
And ſtrip the rich verdure that mantles each tree;
And Winter may bind, in cold fetters, thy fountains,
And ſtill thou art dear, O Glenowen! to me.

SONG XXXV.

MARY'S DREAM.

The moon had climb'd the high--eſt
hill, Which ri--ſes o'er the ſource of Dee,
And from the eaſt-ern ſum--mit ſhed Her
tr.
ſil--ver light on tow'r and tree; When
Ma-ry laid her down to ſleep, Her
thoughts on San--dy far at ſea, When



She from her pillow gently rais'd
Her head, to aſk who there might be,
She ſaw young Sandy ſhiv'ring ſtand,
With viſage pale and hollow eye:
"O Mary dear, cold is my clay,
"It lies beneath a ſtormy ſea,
"Far, far from thee, I ſleep in death,
"So Mary, weep no more for me.

"Three ſtormy nights and ſtormy days
"We toſs'd upon the raging main;
"And long we ſtrove our bark to ſave,
"But all our ſtriving was in vain:
"Ev'n then, when horror chill'd my blood,
"My heart was fill'd with love for thee:
"The ſtorm is paſt, and I at reſt,
"So Mary, weep no more for me.

"O maiden dear, thyſelf prepare,
"We ſoon ſhall meet upon that ſhore,
"Where love is free from doubt and care,
"And thou and I ſhall part no more."

Loud crow'd the cock, the ſhadow fled,
No more of Sandy could ſhe ſee:
But ſoft the paſſing ſpirit ſaid,
" Sweet Mary, weep no more for me."

SONG XXXVI.

THE SAILOR.

To the foregoing Tune.

OH, ye who ſleep on beds of down,
Who never feel the ſting of woe,
Whom Fortune greets with happieſt ſmiles,
Whoſe hours of varied pleaſures flow;
Abſent yourſelves from joy a while,
And viſit yonder troubled wave;
There view with pain that fatal place;
It is the common ſailor's grave!

Surely to him a ſigh, a tear,
And ſome few tender thoughts are due;
Think that he left the ſweets of life,
To fight—to bleed—to die for you;
His wife, perhaps, (ah! wife no more!)
Is liſt'ning to the hollow blaſt,
While hope is whiſpering his return,
Nor knows the hour of death is paſt!

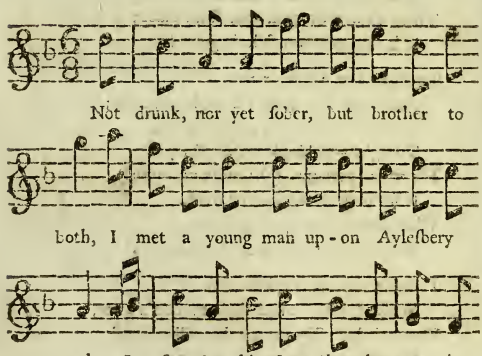
Perhaps his little orphans too,
While playing round their mother's knee,
Have cried, " To-morrow he will come;"
Oh ne'er will ſun THAT morrow ſee!

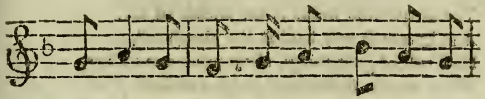
When they ſhall hear—"He comes no more!"
What bitter moments will they ſpend?
'Tis yours to ſoothe the widow's grief,
To be the helpleſs orphan's friend.

Heedleſs of danger, to the ſcene
Of war the lowly hero came;
There fell unnotic'd, and unknown—
The world's a ſtranger to his name!
Scorn not to think on one ſo poor;
Worth oft adorns the humble mind;
Oft' in a COMMON ſailor's heart
Dwell virtues of NO COMMON kind.

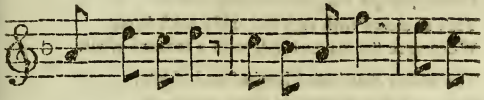
SONG XXXVII.

THE TANKARD OF ALE.





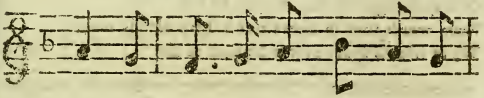
good cafe To come and take ſhare of a



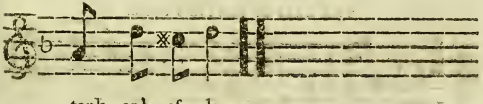
tank-ard of ale, la ral la la la ra

la la la ra la la ra la la ra la la

I ſaw by his face that he was in good



cafe To come and take ſhare of a



tank-ard of ale.

The hedger who works in the ditches all day,
And labours ſo very hard at the plough tail,
He'll talk of great things, about princes and kings,
When once he ſhakes hands with a tankard of ale.

The beggar that begs without any legs,
She's ſcarce got a rag to cover her tail,
Yet's as merry with rags as a miſer with bags,
When once ſhe ſhakes hands with a tankard of ale.

The widow that buried her huſband of late,
She's ſcarcely forgotten to weep or to wail,
But thinks every day ten till ſhe's married again,
When once ſhe ſhakes hands with a tankard of ale.

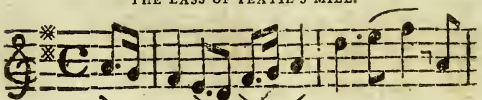
The old pariſh vicar, when he's in his liquor,
Will merrily at his pariſhioners rail,
Come pay all your tithes, or I'll kiſs all your wives,
When once he ſhakes hands with a tankard of ale.

The old pariſh clerk, with his eyes in the dark,
And letter ſo ſmall that he ſcarcely can tell,
He'll read every letter, and ſing the pſalms better,
When once he ſhakes hands with a tankard of ale.

If wrangling and jangling, or any ſuch ſtrife,
Or any things elſe may happen to fall,
From words turn to blows and a ſharp bloody noſe,
We're friends again over a tankard of ale.

SONG XXXVIII.

THE LASS OF PEATIE'S MILL.



bonny blyth and gay, In ſpite of
all my ſkill, hath ſtole my
heart a-way. When tedding of the
hay, Bare--head--ed on the green, Love
midſt her locks did play, and wanton'd
in her een.

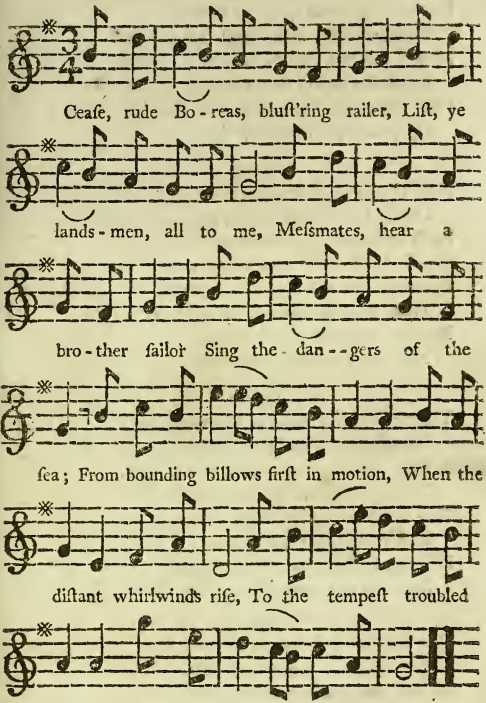
Her arms, white, round, and ſmooth;
Breaſts riſing in their dawn;
To age it would give youth,
To preſs them with his hand.
Through all my ſpirits ran
An extacy of bliſs,
When I ſuch ſweetneſs fand,
Wrapt in a balmy kiſs.

Without the help of art,
Like flow'rs which grace the wild,
Her ſweets ſhe did impart,
Whene'er ſhe ſpoke or ſmil'd;
Her looks they were ſo mild,
Free from affected pride,
She me to love beguil'd;
I wiſh'd her for my bride.

Oh! had I all that wealth
Hopetoun's high mountains fill,
Inſur'd long life and health,
And pleaſure at my will;
I'd promiſe, and fulfil,
That none but bonny ſhe,
The laſs of Peatie's mill,
Should ſhare the fame with me.

SONG XXXIX.

THE SEA-STORM.


Ceaſe, rude Bo-reas, bluſt'ring railer, Liſt, ye
lands-men, all to me, Meſsmates, hear a
bro-ther ſailor Sing the dan--gers of the
ſea; From bounding billows firſt in motion, When the
diſtant whirlwinds riſe, To the tempeſt troubled
ocean, Where the ſeas contend with ſkies.

LIVELY.

Hark! the boatſwain hoarſely bawling,—
By topſail ſheets and haulyards ſtand!
Down top-gallants quick be hauling!
Down your ſtay-ſails, hand, boys, hand!
Now it freſhens, ſet the braces;
Quick the topſail ſheets let go;
Luff, boys, luff, don't make wry faces!
Up your topſails nimbly clew!

SLOW.

Now all you on down-beds ſporting,
Fondly lock'd in beauty's arms,
Freſh enjoyments wanton courting,
Free from all but love's alarms,—
Round us roar the tempeſt louder;
Think what fear our mind enthrals:
Harder yet, it yet blows harder;
Now again the boatſwain calls:

QUICK.

The topſail-yards point to the wind, boys!
See all clear to reef each courſe!
Let the fore-ſheets go; don't mind, boys,
Though the weather ſhould be worſe.
Fore and aft the ſpritſail-yard get;
Reef the mizen; ſee all clear:
Hand up! each preventer-brace ſet;
Man the fore-yard, cheer, lads, cheer!

SLOW.

Now the dreadful thunder's roaring!
Peals on peals contending claſh!
On our heads fierce rain falls pouring!
In our eyes blue lightnings flaſh!

One wide water all around us,
All above us one black ſky!
Diff'rent deaths at once ſurround us—
Hark! what means that dreadful cry?

QUICK.

The foremaſt's gone, cries every tongue out,
O'er the lee, twelve feet 'bove deck:
A leak beneath the cheſt-tree's ſprung out;
Call all hands to clear the wreck.
Quick the lanyards cut to pieces!
Come, my hearts, be ſtout and bold!
Plumb the well, the leak increaſes;
Four feet water's in the hold!

SLOW.

While o'er the ſhip wild waves are beating,
We for wives or children mourn;
Alas! from hence there's no retreating;
Alas! from hence there's no return.
Still the leak is gaining on us;
Both chain-pumps are choak'd below,
Heav'n have mercy here upon us!
For only that can ſave us now!

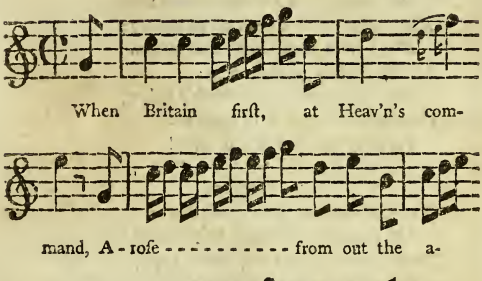
QUICK.

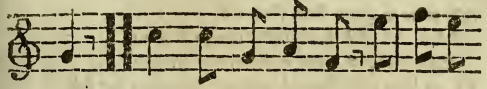
O'er the lee-beam is the land, boys;
Let the guns o'er-board be thrown!
To the pump come every hand, boys;
See our mizen-maſt is gone.
The leak we've found; it cannot pour faſt:
We've lighten'd her a foot or more;
Up, and rig a jury fore-maſt:
She rights, ſhe rights, boys! wear off ſhore.

Now once more on joys we're thinking,
Since kind Fortune ſpar'd our lives;
Come, the can, boys, let's be drinking
To our ſweethearts and our wives.
Fill it up, about ſhip wheel it;
Cloſe to the lips a brimmer join,
Where's the tempeſt now? who feels it?
None! our danger's drown'd in wine!

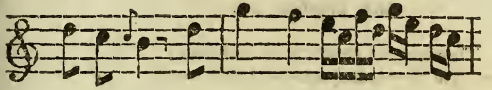
SONG XL.

RULE, BRITANNIA.

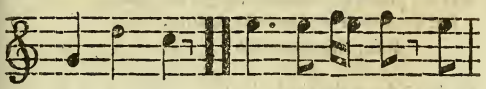




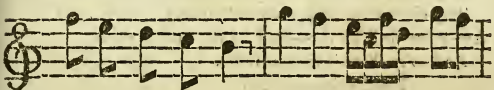
main, This was the charter, the charter



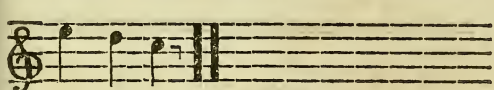
of the land, And guardian an - - - - - - gels



ſung this ſtrain: Rule, Bri - tan - nia, Bri-



tannia, rule the waves, Britons ne - - - - - - ver



ſhall be ſlaves.

The nations not ſo bleſt as thee,
Muſt, in their turns, to tyrants fall;
Muſt, in their turns, to tyrants fall;
Whilſt thou ſhalt flouriſh—ſhalt flouriſh great and free,
The dread and envy of them all,
Rule, Britannia, &c.

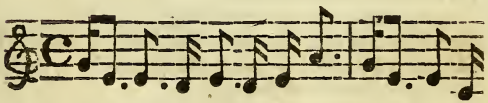
Still more majeſtic ſhalt thou riſe,
More dreadful, from each foreign ſtroke;
More dreadful, from each foreign ſtroke:
As the loud blaſt that—loud blaſt that tears the ſkies,
Serves but to root the native oak.
Rule, Britannia, &c.

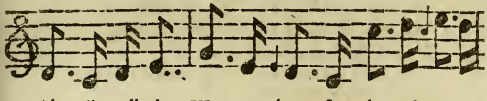
Thee haughty tyrants ne'er ſhall tame;
All their attempts to bend thee down,
All their attempts to bend thee down,
Will but arouſe thy—arouſe thy gen'rous flame,
But work their woe and thy renown.
Rule, Britannia, &c.

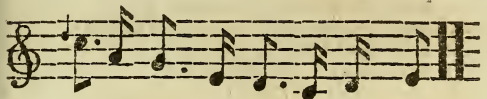
To thee belongs the rural reign;
Thy cities ſhall with commerce ſhine;
Thy cities ſhall with commerce ſhine;
And thine ſhall be the—ſhall be the ſubject main;
And ev'ry ſhore it circles, thine.
Rule, Britannia, &c.

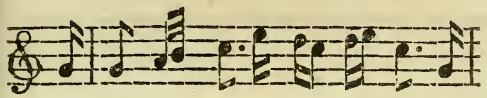
SONG XLI.

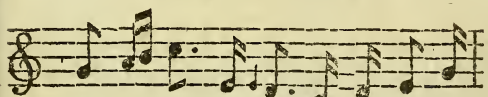
ROY'S WIFE OF ALDIVALLOCH.



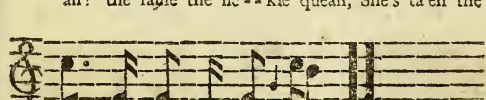

Al--di-valloch, Wat ye how ſhe cheated me, As


I came o'er the braes of Bal--loch?


She vow'd ſhe ſwore ſhe would be mine; She


ſaid ſhe loe'd me beſt of o--ny; But

ah! the fauſe the fic--kle quean, She's ta'en the

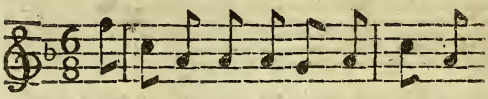

carle, and left her Johnnie.

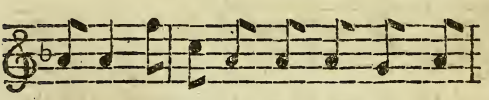
Her hair's ſae fair, her een's ſae clear,
Her wee bit mou's ſae ſweet and bonny,
To me ſhe ever will be dear,
Tho' ſhe's for ever left her Johnnie.
Roy's wife, &c.

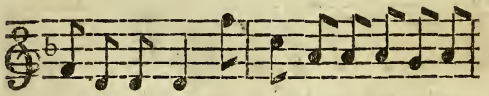
But O, ſhe was the canty quean,
And weel could dance the Highland walloch;
How happy I, had ſhe been mine,
Or I'd been Roy of Aldivalloch!
Roy's wife, &c.

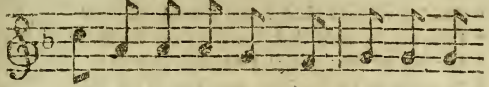
SONG XLII.

COME UNDER MY PLAIDY.

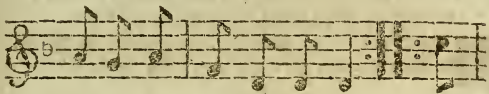








lie down beſide me, There's room in't, dear



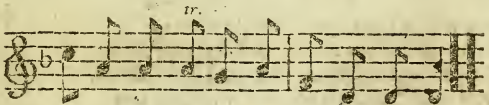
laſſie! be--lieve me, for twa. Come

under my plaidy, and lie down beſide me, I'll

hap ye frae ev'ry cauld blaſt that will blaw; O come

under my plaidy, and lie down beſide me, There's

tr.



room in't, dear laſſie! be-lieve me, for twa,

" Gae 'wa wi' your plaidy! auld Donald, gae 'wa!
" I fear na' the cauld blaſt, the drift, nor the ſnaw:
" Gae 'wa wi' your plaidy! I'll no lie beſide ye;
" Ye might be my gutchard; auld Donald gae 'wa!
" I'm gaun to meet Johnny, he's young and he's bonny;
" He's been at Meg's bridal, fou trig and fou braw!
" O there's nane dance ſae lightly, ſae gracefu', ſae tightly,
" His cheeks are like roſes, his brow's like the ſnaw."

" Dear Marion, let that flee ſtick faſt to the wa',
" Your Jock's but a gowk, and has naething ava';
" The hale o' his pack he has now on his back;
" He's thretty, and I'm but threeſcore and twa.
" Be frank now and kindly: I'll buſk you ay finely;
" At kirk or at market they'll nane gang ſae braw;
" A bein houſe to bide in, a chaiſe for to ride in,
" And ſunkies to 'tend ye as faſt as ye ca'."

" My father ay tell'd me, my mither and a',
" Ye'd mak' a gude huſband, and keep me ay braw;
" It's true I lo'e Johnny, he's gude and he's bonny,
" But, wae's me! I ken he has naething ava!
" I ha'e little tocher; you've made a gude offer;
" I'm now mair than twenty; my time is but ſma'!
" Sae gi'e me your plaidy, I'll creep in beſide ye,
" I thought ye'd been aulder than threeſcore and twa!"

She crap in ayont him, beſide the ſtane wa',
Whar Johnny was liſt'ning, and heard her tell a'!
The day was appointed, his proud heart it dunted,
And ſtrack 'gainſt his ſide, as if burſting in twa.

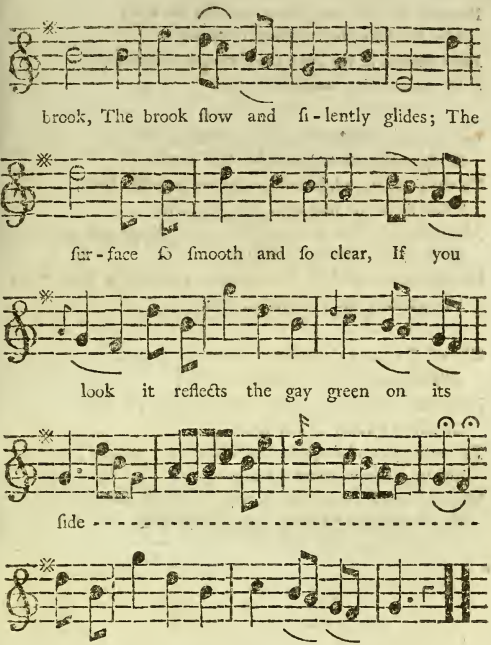
He wander'd hame weary, the night it was dreary,
And thowleſs, he tint his gate deep 'mang the ſnaw;
The howlet was ſcreaming, while Johnny cried, "Women
"Wad marry Auld Nick, if he'd keep them ay braw."

O the deil's in the laſſes! they gang now ſae braw,
They'll lie down wi' auld men o' four-ſcore and twa;
The hale o' their marriage is gowd and a carriage;
Plain luve is the cauldeſt blaſt now that can blaw!
But lo'e them I canna, nor marry I winna,
Wi' ony daft laſſie! tho' fair as a queen;
Till love ha'e a ſhare o't, the never a hair o't
Shall gang in my wallet at morning or e'en.

SONG XLIII.

THE RAILERS.

Behold on the brow the leaves play in the
breeze, While cattle calm feed in the vale;
The church ſpire ta-pering points thro' the
trees, As lord of the hill and the
dale. The playful colts ſkip af-ter dams to the


brook, The brook flow and ſi-lently glides; The
ſur-face ſo ſmooth and ſo clear, If you
look it reflects the gay green on its
ſide
It reflects the gay green on its ſide.

In farm-yard, by his feather'd ſeraglio careſs'd,
The king of the walk dares to crow;
No nabob, nor Nimrod, enſlaving the eaſt,
Such proweſs with beauty can ſhew.

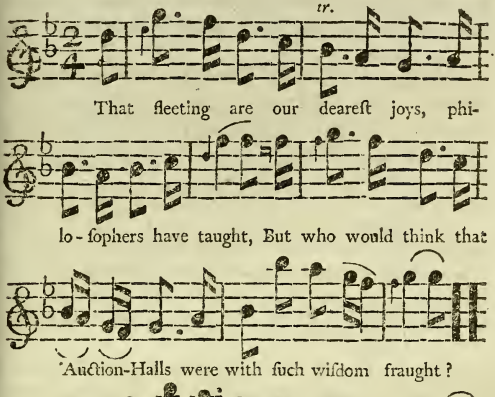
Beneath the ſtill cow, Nancy preſſes the teat,
Her face like the ruddy-fac'd morn;
Loud ſtrokes in the barn the ſtrong threſhers repeat,
Or winnow for market the corn.

Induſtrious, their wives, at the doors of their cots,
Sit ſpinning, dreſs'd cleanly, tho' coarſe;
To their babes, while unheeding the traveller trots,
They ſhew the fine man and his horſe.
At the heels of the ſteed bark the baſe village whelps,
Each puppy rude echo beſtirs,
But the horſe, too high bred, bounds away from their yelps,
Diſregarding the clamour of curs.

Illiberal RAILERS thus envy betray,
When merit above them they view;
But Genius diſdains to turn out of his way,
Or afford a reply to the crew.
To contempt and deſpair, ſuch inſanes we commit;
But to generous rivals a toaſt,—
May rich men reward honeſt fellows of wit,—
Here's a health to thoſe dunces hate moſt.

SONG XLIV.

THE AUCTION MORALIZED.


tr.
That fleeting are our deareſt joys, phi-
lo-ſophers have taught, But who would think that
Auction-Halls were with ſuch wiſdom fraught?
At-tend a lit-tle to my ſong, and I'll
re-veal to thee, How ſages all and
hamm'ring call ſo, wond'rouſly a---greę.

Harmoniouſly mingling here, the works of ages lie;
Here, Wit and Fancy's faireſt flow'rs, and truths that never die:
Repoſing in their letter'd tombs, the wits of Greece and Rome
Mementos give, that ſome may laugh, and others mourn their doom.
Here's Sophiſtry wire-woven, bound, and Piety in ſheets,
Hypocriſy, whoſe gilded caſe, the gazer's eye ſoon meets:
Here ſtands the judge, with lifted arm, his juſtice to diſpenſe;
But ne'er decides without a bribe—ſtill tries their weight in pence.
Now throng the hall both great and ſmall, of high and low degree,
And ſage and ſavage cluſter'd cloſe, as buds are on a tree.
Some come their empty heads to fill, ſome in the way of trade;
Others their libraries to ſtore, their fortunes being made:
Some, from the plenteous ſhow of weeds, a few ſweet flow'rs to cull;
And ſome for learning, to reduce, the thickneſs of their ſkull.
The "Book of Sports," with ſmiling face, the judge diſplays to view;
Now bid! he cries, how ſweet in youth, when ev'ry thing is new!
The younkers bid, and faſter bid, till ONCE! TWICE!! THRICE!!! 'tis gone,
As quickly as the morning ray, which on us lately ſhone.
"Imagination's Pleaſures" now, are open'd to their eyes,
And many bid, but going! gone!! they ſink, no more to riſe.
Though Virgil and though Homer bring their heroes to their aid,
Yet, going! going! gone! at laſt they vaniſh in the ſhade.
Demoſthenes and Cicero are next expos'd to ſale,
And, who would not be eloquent? to bid you cannot fail!

But orators and ſtateſmen too can't ſtand the hammer's ſtroke,
For preſto! gone! they fleet away, as does the paſſing joke.
To " Hiſtories" of Nations all, both ſavage and refin'd,
" The Ruins of Empires" ſoon ſucceed, and blot them from
the mind.
" The World," at length, embelliſhed with heads, and preſſed
hot,
Is pompouſly exhibited, and ſtyl'd a precious lot.
Now bid at once a hundred tongues, each other to outſtrip;
A few draw back and meditate, leſt they ſhould make a ſlip.
Lo! tumult's all throughout the hall, till gone! at laſt they
hear;
The ſound is like the cannon's roar, that thunders on the ear.

☞ The above ſong may likewiſe be ſung to the Tune of—
" There was a jolly miller once," &c.

SONG XLV.

THE LAST TIME I CAME O'ER THE MUIR.

The laſt time I came o'er the muir, I
left my love be--hind me: Ye pow'rs
what pain do I endure, When ſoft
i--de---as mind me. Soon as the
ruddy morn diſplay'd, the beaming day en-

ſuing, I met betimes my love---ly maid
In fit re---treats for woo-ing.

Beneath the cooling ſhade we lay,
Gazing and chaſtely ſporting;
We kiſs'd and promis'd time away,
'Till night ſpread her black curtain.
I pitied all beneath the ſkies,
Ev'n kings, when ſhe was nigh me;
In raptures I beheld her eyes,
Which could but ill deny me.

Should I be call'd where cannons roar,
Where mortal ſteel may wound me;
Or caſt upon ſome foreign ſhore,
Where dangers may ſurround me;
Yet hopes again to ſee my love,
To feaſt on glowing kiſſes,
Shall make my care at diſtance move,
In proſpect of ſuch bliſſes.

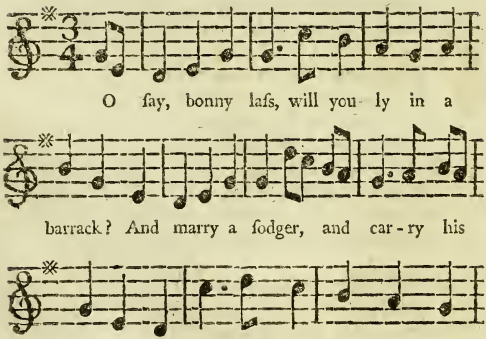
In all my ſoul there's not one place
To let a rival enter;
Since ſhe excels in every grace,
In her my love ſhall centre.

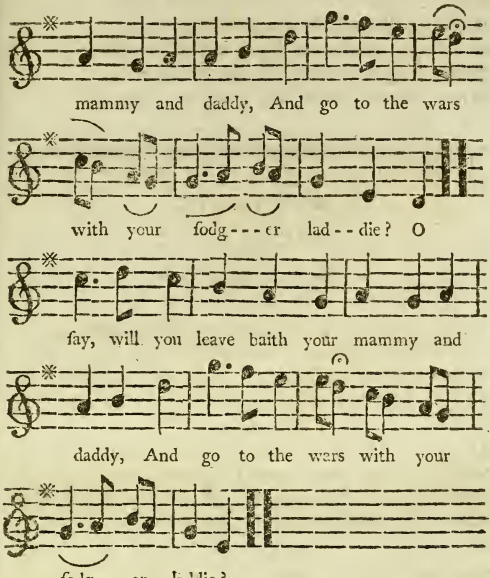
Sooner the ſeas ſhall ceaſe to flow,
Their waves the Alps ſhall cover;
On Greenland's ice ſhall roſes grow,
Before I ceaſe to love her.

The next time I gang o'er the muir,
She ſhall a lover find me;
And that my faith is firm and pure,
Though I left her behind me.
Then Hymen's ſacred bands ſhall chain
My heart to her fair boſom;
There, while my being does remain,
My love more freſh ſhall bloſſom.

SONG XLVI.

O SAY, BONNY LASS




mammy and daddy, And go to the wars
with your fodg - - - er lad - - die? O
fay, will you leave baith your mammy and
daddy, And go to the wars with your
fodg - - - er laddie?

O yes, bonny lad, I will ly in a barrack,
And marry a ſodger, and carry his wallet;
I'll neither aſk leave of my mammy nor daddy,
But aff and away with my dear ſodger laddie.

O fay, bonny laſs, will you go a campaigning?
And bear all the hardſhips of battle and famine?
When wounded and bleeding, then wilt thou draw near me?
And kindly ſupport me, and tenderly cheer me?

O yes, I will brave all theſe perils you mention,
And twenty times more, if you had the invention;
Neither hunger, nor cold, nor dangers alarm me,
While I have my Harry, my deareſt to charm me.

SONG XLVII.

INKLE AND YARICO.

To the foregoing Tune.

INKLE.

O SAY, ſimple maid, have you form'd any notion
Of all the rude dangers in croſſing the ocean?
When winds whiſtle ſhrilly, ah! won't they remind you
To ſigh with regret for the grot left behind you?

YARICO.

Ah! no, I could follow, and ſail the world over,
Nor think of my grot, when I look at my lover!
The winds which blow round us, your arms for my pillow,
Will lull us to ſleep, whilſt we're rock'd by each billow.

INKLE.

Then ſay, lovely laſs, what if haply eſpying
A rich gallant veſſel with gay colours flying?

YARICO.

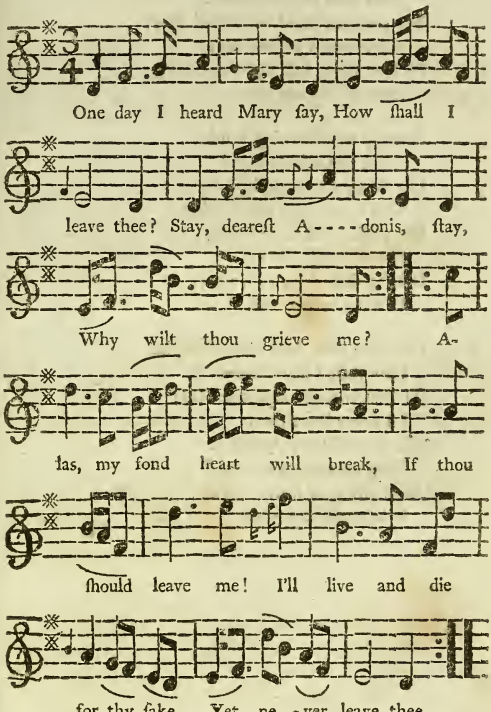
I'll journey with thee, love, to where the land narrows,
And fling all my cares at my back with my arrows."

BOTH.

O ſay then, my true love, we never will ſunder,
Nor ſhrink from the tempeſt, nor dread the loud thunder;
Whilſt conſtant, we'll laugh at all changes of weather,
And journey all over the world both together.

SONG XLVIII.

I'LL NEVER LEAVE THEE.


One day I heard Mary ſay, How ſhall I
leave thee? Stay, deareſt A----donis, ſtay,
Why wilt thou grieve me? A-
las, my fond heart will break, If thou
ſhould leave me! I'll live and die
for thy ſake, Yet ne--ver leave thee.

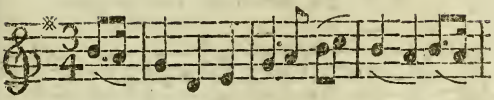
Say, lovely Adonis, say,
Has Mary deceiv'd thee?
Did e'er her young heart betray,
New love to grieve thee?
My conſtant mind ne'er ſhall ſtray,
Thou mayſt believe me;
I'll love thee, lad, night and day,
And never leave thee.

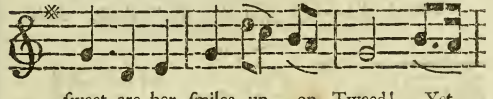
Adonis, my charming youth,
What can relieve thee?
Can Mary thy anguiſh ſoothe,
This breaſt ſhall receive thee.
My paſſion can ne'er decay,
Never deceive thee:
Delight ſhall drive pain away,
Pleaſure revive thee.

But leave thee, lad, leave thee, lad,
How ſhall I leave thee?
O! that thought makes me ſad;
I'll never leave thee.
Where would my Adonis fly?
Why does he grieve me?
Alas! my poor heart will die,
If I ſhould leave thee.

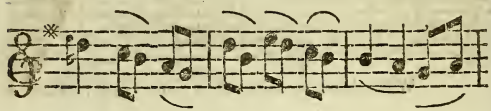
SONG XLIX.

TWEED-SIDE.

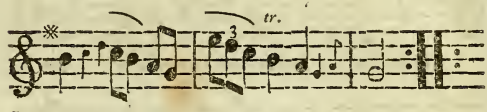




all the gay flow'rs of the field, Nor



Tweed glid--ing gent-ly thro' thoſe, Such



beau-ty and plea-ſure does yield.

The warblers are heard in the grove,
The linnet, the lark, and the thruſh,
The blackbird and ſweet cooing dove,
With muſic enchant every buſh.
Come, let us go forth to the mead,
Let us ſee how the primroſes ſpring;
We'll lodge in ſome village on Tweed,
And love while the feather'd folks ſing.

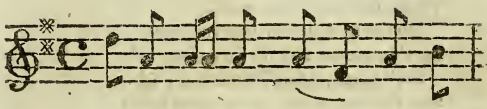
How does my love paſs the lang day?
Does Mary not tend a few ſheep?
Do they never carleſsly ſtray,
While, happily, ſhe lies aſleep?

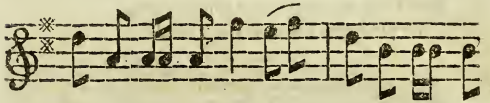
Tweed's murmurs ſhould lull her to reſt;
Kind nature indulging my bliſs,
To relieve the ſaſt pains of my breaſt,
I'd ſteal an ambroſial kiſs.

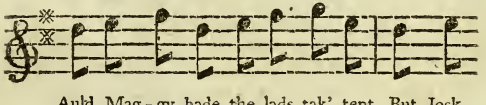
'Tis ſhe does the virgins excel,
No beauty with her may compare;
Love's graces around her do dwell:
She's faireſt, where thouſands are fair.
Say, charmer, where do thy flocks ſtray?
Oh! tell me at noon where they feed;
Shall I ſeek them on ſweet winding Tay,
Or pleaſanter banks of the Tweed?

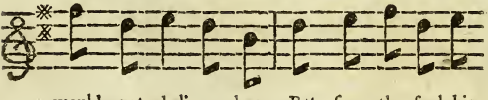
SONG L.

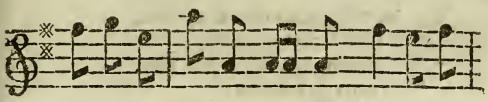
JENNY DANG THE WEAVER.







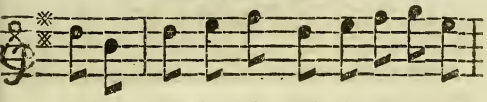




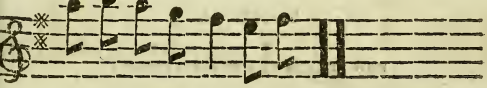
fol-ly kent, For Jen--ny dang the weaver.

CHORUS.

Jenny dang, dang, dang, Jen-ny dang the



weaver; But ſoon the fool his fol-ly kent,



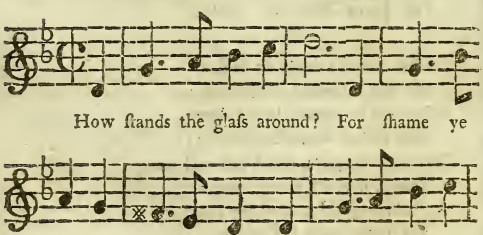
For Jenny dang the weaver.

At ilka country dance or reel,
Wi' her he would be bobbing;
When ſhe ſat down, he ſat down,
And to her would be gabbing;
Where'er ſhe gade, baith but and ben,
The coof wou'd never leave her,
Ay keckling like a clocking hen,
But Jenny dang the weaver,
Jenny dang, &c.

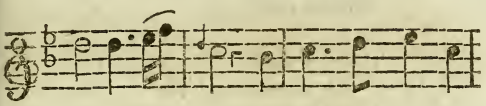
Quo' he, " My laſs, to ſpeak my mind,
" In troth I needna ſwither,
" You've bonny een, and if ye're kind,
" I'll never ſeek anither?"
He humm'd and haw'd; the laſs cried peugh!
And bade the coof no deave her;
Syne ſnapt her fingers, lap and leugh,
And dang the ſilly weaver.
And Jenny dang, dang, dang,
Jenny dang the weaver;
Syne ſnapt her fingers, lap and leugh,
And dang the ſilly weaver.

SONG LI.

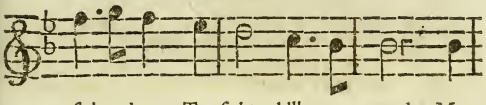
HOW STANDS THE GLASS AROUND?



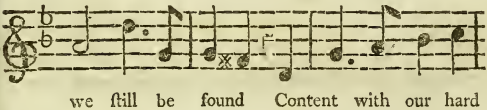
round? Let mirth and wine a--bound. The



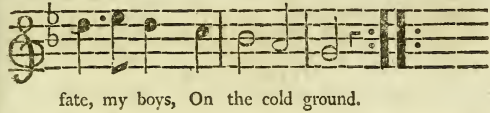
trum--pets ſound, The co-lours they are



flying, boys, To fight, kill, or wound, May



we ſtill be found Content with our hard



fate, my boys, On the cold ground.

Why, ſoldiers, why,
Should we be melancholy, boys?
Why, ſoldiers, why?
Whoſe buſineſs 'tis to die!

What, ſighing? fie!
Don't fear, drink on, be jolly, boys!
'Tis he, you, or I!
Cold, hot, wet, or dry,
We're always bound to follow, boys,
And ſcorn to fly!

'Tis but in vain,—
I mean not to upbraid you, boys,—
'Tis but in vain,
For ſoldiers to complain:
Should next campaign
Send us to him who made us, boys,
We're free from pain!
But if we remain,
A bottle and kind landlady
Cure all again.

SONG LII.

PINKIE HOUSE.

By Fin--kie Houſe oft let me walk,

While cir--cled in my arms, I hear
my Nel-ly ſweet--ly talk, And gaze o'er
all her charms. O let · me e-ver
fond behold Thoſe gra--ces void of
art! Thoſe cheer-ful ſmiles that ſweet--ly
hold In will---ing chains my heart.

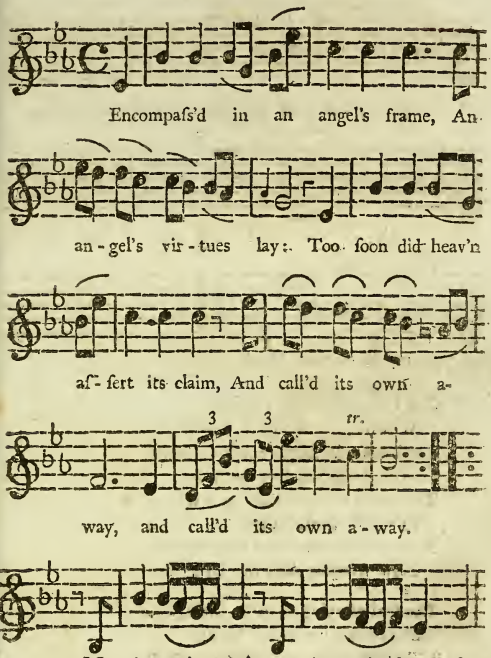
O come, my love, and bring anew
That gentle turn of mind;
That graceſulneſs of air, in you,
By nature's hand deſign'd:
That beauty, like the bluſhing roſe,
Firſt lighted up this flame!
Which, like the ſun, for ever glows
Within my breaſt the ſame.

Ye light coquets! ye airy things!
How vain is all your art!
How ſeldom it a lover brings!
How rarely keeps a heart!
O gather from my Nelly's charms,
That ſweet, that graceful eaſe;
That bluſhing modeſty that warms;
That native art to pleaſe!

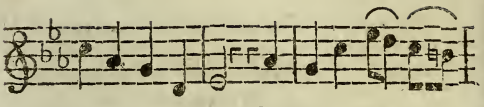
Come then, my love, O! come along,
And feed me with thy charms;
Come, fair inſpirer of my ſong,
O fill my longing arms!
A flame like mine can never die,
While charms, ſo bright as thine,
So heav'nly fair, both pleaſe the eye,
And fill the ſoul divine.

SONG LIII.

ANNA'S URN.


Encompaſs'd in an angel's frame, An
an-gel's vir-tues lay: Too ſoon did heav'n
aſ-ſert its claim, And call'd its own a-
3 3 tr.
way, and call'd its own a-way.
My An-na's worth, my An-na's charms Can

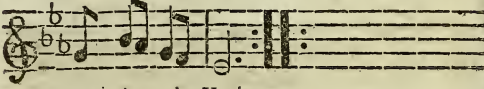
S 2



never more return, Can never more re-

turn! What then ſhall fill theſe widow'd arms?

Ah - - - - - - - - me! Ah me! Ah me!



my An-na's Urn!

Can I forget that bliſs refin'd,
Which, bleſt with her, I knew?
Our hearts, in ſacred bonds entwin'd,
Were bound by love too true.
That rural train, which once were us'd
In feſtive dance to turn,
So pleas'd, when Anna they amus'd,
Now weeping deck her Urn.

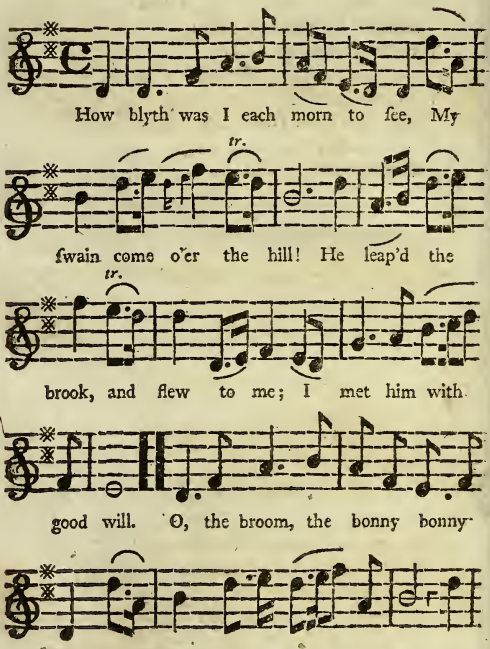
The ſoul eſcaping from its chain,
She claſp'd me to her breaſt,
"To part with thee is all my pain!"
She cried, then ſunk to reſt!

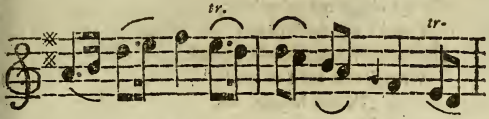
While mem'ry ſhall her ſeat retain,
From beauteous Anna torn,
My heart ſhall breathe its ceaſeleſs ſtrain
Of ſorrow o'er her Urn.

There, with the earlieſt dawn, a dove
Laments her murder'd mate:
There Philomela, loſt to love,
Tells the pale moon her fate.
With yew and ivy round me ſpread,
My Anna there I'll mourn;
For all my ſoul, now ſhe is dead,
Concentres in her Urn.

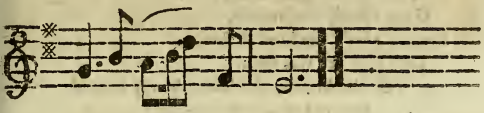
SONG LIV.

THE BROOM OF THE COWDENKNOWS.


How blyth was I each morn to see, My
tr.
swain come o'er the hill! He leap'd the
tr.
brook, and flew to me; I met him with
good will. O, the broom, the bonny bonny
broom, The broom of the Cow-denknows; I



wiſh I were with my dear ſwain, With



his pipe and my ewes.

I neither wanted ewe nor lamb,
When his flocks round me lay;
He gather'd in the ſheep at night,
And cheer'd me all the day.
O, the broom, &c.

He tun'd his pipe and reed ſo ſweet,
The birds ſat liſt'ning by;
The fleecy ſheep ſtood ſtill and gaz'd,
Charm'd with his melody.
O, the broom, &c.

While thus we ſpent our time by turns,
Betwixt our flocks and play;
I envy'd not the faireſt dame,
Though e'er ſo rich and gay.
O, the broom, &c.

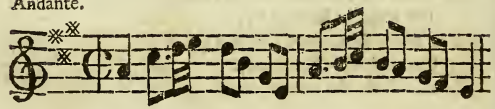
He did oblige me ev'ry hour,
Cou'd I but faithful be?
He ſtole my heart, cou'd I refuſe
Whate'er he aſk'd of me?
O, the broom, &c.

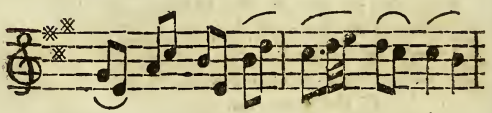
Hard fate that I muſt baniſh'd be,
Gang heavily and mourn,
Becauſe I lov'd the kindeſt ſwain
That ever yet was born.
O, the broom, the bonny bonny broom,
Where laſt was my repoſe:
I wiſh I were with my dear ſwain,
With his pipe and my ewes,

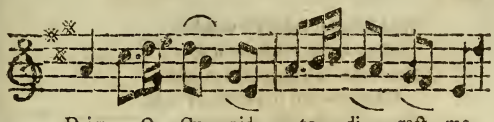
SONG LV.

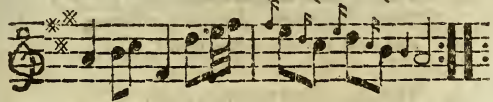
GUARDIAN ANGELS.

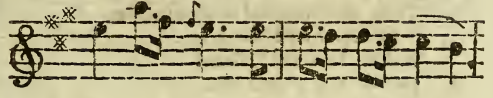
Andante.

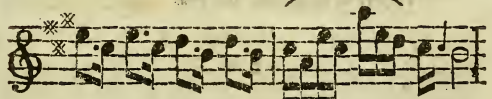


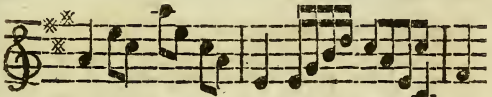


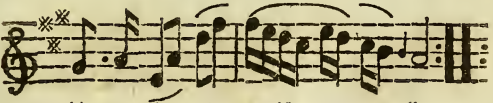

Deign, O Cu--pid, to di---rect me,


Lead me thro' the myr-----tle grove.


Bear my ſighs, ſoft float---ing air,


Say I love him to-------- deſpair;


Tell him 'tis for him I grieve, For

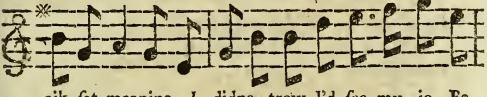

him a--lone I wiſh to live.

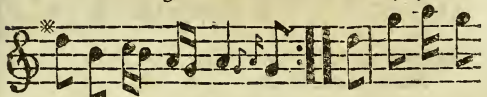
'Mid ſecluded dales I'll wander,
Silent as the ſhades of night,
Near ſome bubbling rill's meander,
Where he erſt has bleſt my ſight:
There to weep the night away,
There to waſte in ſighs the day,
Think, fond youth, what vows you ſwore,
And muſt I never ſee thee more?

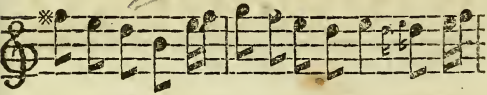
Then recluſe ſhall be my dwelling,
Deep in ſome ſequeſter'd vale;
There, with mournful cadence ſwelling,
Oft repeat my love-ſick tale.
And the Lark and Philomel
Oft ſhall hear a virgin tell,
What the pain to bid adieu
To joy, to happineſs, and you.

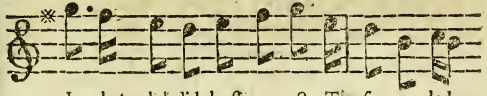
SONG LVI.

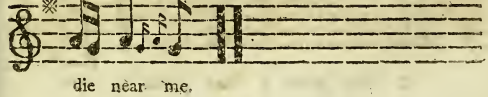
JOCKEY'S RETURN.











His bonnet he, a thought a-jee,
Cock'd ſpruce, when firſt he claſp'd me;
And I, I wat, wi' fainneſs grat,
While in his grips he preſs'd me.
Deil tak' the war! I late and air
Have wiſh'd, ſince Jock departed,
But now as glad I'm wi' my lad,
As ſhortſyne broken-hearted.

Fu' aft at e'en, wi' dancing keen,
When a' were blyth and merry,
I car'd na by, ſae ſad was I,
In abſence of my deary.
But praiſe be bleſs'd! my mind's at reſt,
I'm happy wi' my Johnny;
At kirk and fair I'ſe ay be there,
And be as canty's ony.

SONG LVII.

COOLUN.

O the hours I have paſs'd in the

arms of my dear, Can ne--ver
3
tr.
be thought of but with a ſad tear!
Oh! for---bear, Oh! for------bear then
to men---tion her name, It re-
calls to my mem'-ry the cauſe
tr.
of my pain.

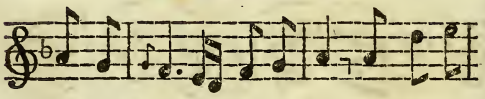
How often to love me ſhe fondly has ſworn,
And when parted from me would ne'er ceaſe to mourn;
All hardſhips for me ſhe would cheerfully bear,
And at night on my boſom forget all her care.

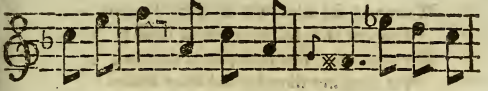
To ſome diſtant climate together we'll roam,
And forget all the hardſhips we meet with at home;
Fate, now be propitious, and grant me thine aid,
Give me my Paſtora, and I'm more than repaid.

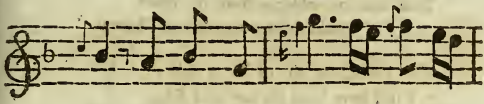
SONG LVIII.

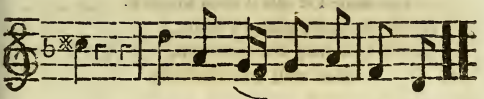
FAIR SALLY.

Hearty.









The winds blew loud, and ſhe grew paler,
To ſee the weather-cock turn round,
When lo! ſhe ſpied her bonny ſailor
Come ſinging o'er the fallow ground:
With nimble haſte he leap'd the ſtyle,
And Sally met him with a ſmile,
And hugg'd her bonny ſailor.

Faſt round the waſte he took his Sally,
But firſt around his mouth wip'd he,
Like home-bred ſpark he could not dally,
But kiſs'd and preſs'd her with a glee:
Thro' winds and waves and daſhing rain,
Cry'd he, thy Tom's return'd again,
And brings a heart for Sally.

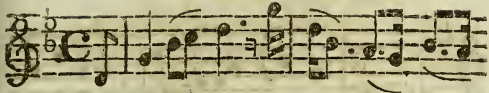
Welcome! ſhe cried, my conſtant Thomas,
Tho' out of ſight, ne'er out of mind;
Our hearts tho' ſeas have parted from us,
Yet they my thoughts did leave behind:
So much my thoughts took Tommy's part,
That time nor abſence from my heart
Could drive my conſtant Thomas.

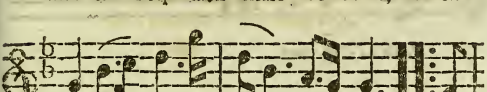
This knife, the gift of lovely Sally,
I ſtill have kept for her dear ſake;
A thouſand times, in am'rous folly,
Thy name I've carv'd upon the deck.
Again this happy pledge returns,
To tell how truly Thomas burns,
How truly burns for Sally.

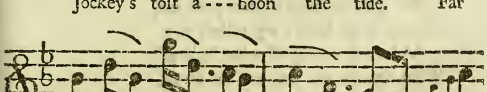
This thimble didſt thou give to Sally,
Whilſt this I ſee I think of you;
Then why does Tom ſtand ſhilly ſhally,
While yonder ſteeple's in our view?
Tom, never to occaſion blind,
Now took her in the coming mind,
And went to church with Sally.

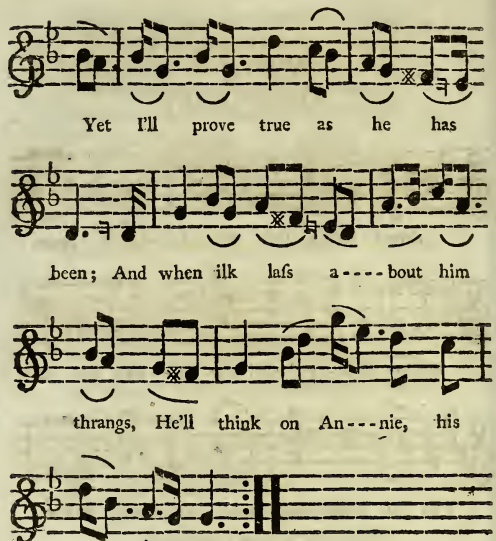
SONG LIX.

SWEET ANNIE.









I met our wealthy laird yeſtreen,
Wi' goud in hand he tempted me,
He prais'd my brow, my rolling een,
And made a brag of what he'd gi'e.
What though my Jockey's far away,
Toſt up and down the awſome main,
I'll keep my heart anither day,
Since Jockey may return again.

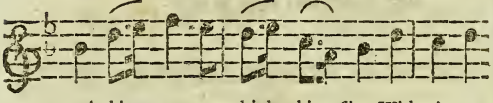
Nae mair, falſe Jamie, ſing nae mair,
And fairly caſt your pipe away;
My Jockey wad be troubled ſair,
To ſee his friend his love betray:
For a' your ſongs and verſe are vain,
While Jockey's notes do faithful flow:
My heart to him ſhall true remain,
I'll keep it for my conſtant jo.

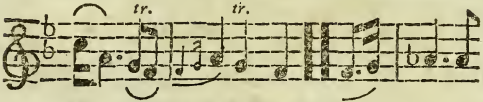
Blaw ſaft, ye gales, round Jockey's head,
And gar your waves be calm and ſtill;
His hameward ſail with breezes ſpeed,
And dinna a' my pleaſure ſpill.
What tho' my Jockey's far away,
Yet he will braw in ſiller ſhine;
I'll keep my heart anither day,
Since Jockey may again be mine.

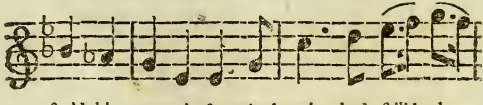
SONG LX.

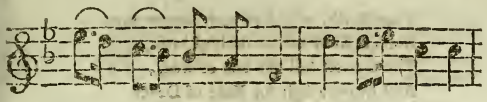
KATE OF DOVER.

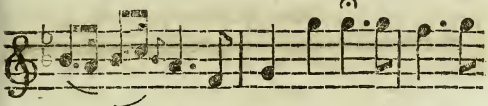
Pompoſo.











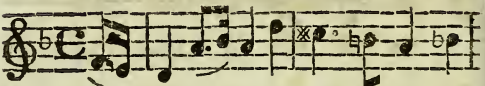
Fair was the morn', when on the ſhore,
Ned flew to take of Kate his leave,
Says he, My love your grief give o'er,
For Ned can ne'er his Kate deceive.
Let Fortune ſmile, or let her frown,
To you I ne'er will prove a rover,
All cares in generous ſlip I'll drown,
And ſtill be true to Kate of Dover.

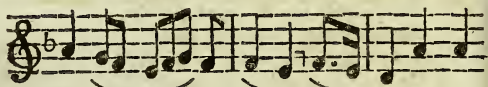
The tow'ring cliffs they bade adieu,
To brave all dangers on the main,
When lo! a ſail appear'd in view,
And Ned with many a tar was ſlain.

Thus death, who lays each ſorrow low,
Robb'd Kitty of her faithful lover,
The tars oft tell the tale of woe,
And heave a ſigh for Kate of Dover.

SONG LXI.

SHE 'ROSE AND LET ME IN.





But she, with accents all divine,
Did my fond suit reprove;
And while she chid my rash design,
She but inflam'd my love.
Her beauty oft had pleas'd before,
While her bright eyes did roll:
But virtue only had the pow'r
To charm my very soul.

Then who would cruelly deceive,
Or from ſuch beauty part?
I lov'd her ſo, I could not leave
The charmer of my heart.
My eager fondneſs I obey'd,
Reſolv'd ſhe ſhould be mine,
Till Hymen to my arms convey'd
My treaſure ſo divine.

Now happy in my Nelly's love,
Tranſporting is my joy:
No greater bleſſing can I prove,
So bleſs'd a man am I:
For beauty may a while retain
The conquer'd flutt'ring heart;
But virtue only is the chain
Holds, never to depart.

SONG LXII.

MARY OF CASTLE-CARY.

Plaintive.

Saw ye my wee thing? saw ye mine
ain thing? Saw ye my true love down
by yon lee? Crofs'd fhe the meadow, yef-
treen at the gloaming? Sought fhe the
3
burnie, whar flow'rs the haw-tree?

" Her hair it is lint-white! her ſkin it is milk-white!
" Dark is the blue of her ſaft rolling e'e!
" Red, red her ripe lip is, and ſweeter than roſes!
" Whar could my wee thing wander frae me?"

' I ſaw na your wee thing, I ſaw na your ain thing,
' Nor ſaw I your true love down by yon lee;
' But I met MY bonny thing late in the gloaming,
' Down by the burnie, whar flow'rs the haw-tree.

' Her hair it was lint-white, her ſkin it was milk-white,
' Dark was the blue o' her ſaft rolling e'e!
' Red war her ripe lips, and ſweeter than roſes;
' Sweet war the kiſſes that ſhe gae to me!'

" It was na my wee thing! it was na mine ain thing!
" It was na my true love ye met by the tree!
" Proud is her liel heart, and modeſt her nature,
" She never loo'd Le-man till ance ſhe loo'd me.

" Her name it is Mary, ſhe's frae Caſtle-Cary,
" Aft has ſhe ſat, when a bairn, on my knee!
" Fair as your face is, war't fifty times fairer,
" Young braggart, ſhe ne'er wad gi'e kiſſes to thee!"

' It was then YOUR Mary, ſhe's frae Caſtle-Cary,
' It was then YOUR true love I met by the tree!
' Proud as her heart is, and modeſt her nature,
' Sweet war the kiſſes that ſhe gae to me!'

Sair gloom'd his dark brow, blood-red his cheek grew,
Wild flaſh'd the fire frae his red rolling e'e;

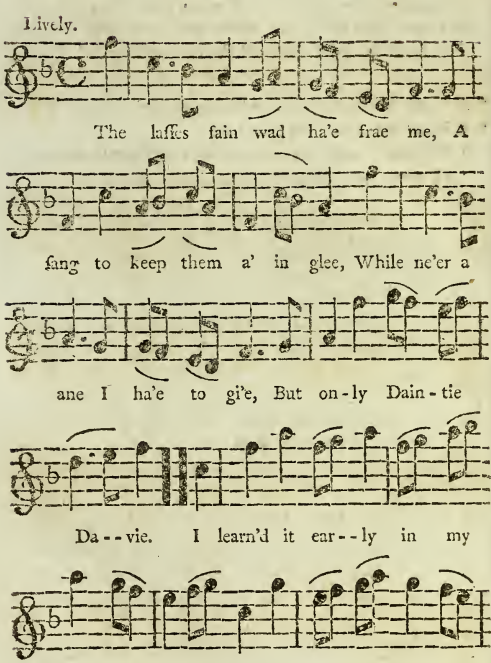
" Ye's rue fair this morning, your boasting and scorning;
" Defend, ye fause traitor, for loudly ye lie!"

' Awa wi' beguiling,' then cried the youth smiling;
Aff gaed the bonnet; the lint-white locks flee;
The belted plaid fa'ing, her white bosom shawing,
Fair stood the lov'd maid wi' the dark rolling e'e!

" Is it my wee thing? is it mine ain thing?
" Is it my true love here that I see?"
' O Jamie! forgi'e me, your heart's constant to me;
' I'll never mair wander, my true love, frae thee.'

SONG LXIII.

DAINTIE DAVIE.


Lively.
The laffes fain wad ha'e frae me, A
fang to keep them a' in glee, While ne'er a
ane I ha'e to gi'e, But on-ly Dain-tie
Da--vie. I learn'd it ear--ly in my
youth, When barley bannocks caus'd a drouth, Wha

cronies met to weet their mouth, Our
fang was Dain---tie Da---vie.
CHORUS.
O, Dain-tie Da--vie is the thing, I
ne--ver kent a can--ty ſpring, That
e'er de-ſerv'd the high---lan' fling, Sae
weel as Dain--tie Da--vie.

When friends an' fouk at bridals meet,
Their drouthy mou's and craigs to weet,
The ſtory canna be complete
Without they've Dainty Davie.
Sae ladies tune your ſpinnets weel,
An' lilt it up wi' a' your ſkill,
There's nae ſtrathſpey nor highlan' reel,
Comes up to Daintie Davie.
O, Daintie Davie, &c.

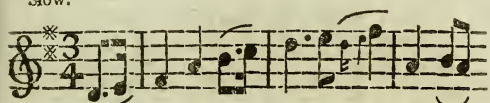
Tho' bardies a', in former times,
Ha'e ſtain'd my ſang, wae-worth their rhymes!
They had but little menſe wi' crimes,
To blaſt my Daintie Davie.
The rankeſt weeds the garden ſpoil,
When labour tak's the play a while,
The lamp gaes out for want o' oil,
And ſae it far'd wi' Davie.
O, Daintie Davie, &c.

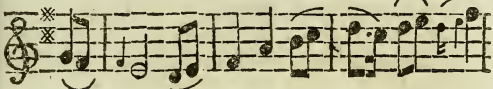
There's ne'er a bar but what's complete,
While ilka note is ay ſae ſweet,
That auld an' young get to their feet,
When they hear Daintie Davie.
Until the lateſt hour of time,
When muſic a' her pow'r ſhall tine,
Each hill, an' dale, an' grove ſhall ring,
Wi' bonny Dainty Davie.
O, Daintie Davie, &c.

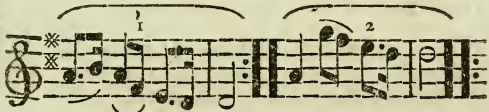
SONG LXIV.

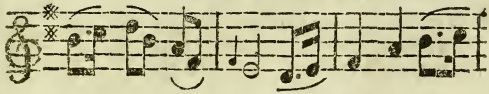
THE YELLOW HAIR'D LADDIE.

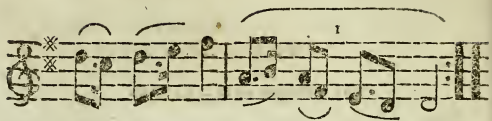
Slow.











glens, where the haw-thorn trees grow,

hawthorn trees grow.

There, under the ſhade of an old ſacred thorn,
With freedom he ſung his loves evening and morn,
He ſung with ſo ſoft and enchanting a ſound,
That Sylvans and Fairies unſeen danc'd around.

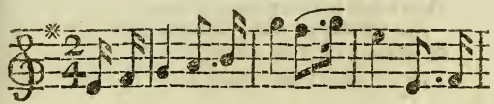
The ſhepherd thus ſung: Tho' young Maddie be fair,
Her beauty is daſh'd with a ſcornful proud air:
But Suſie was handſome, and ſweetly could ſing;
Her breath, like the breezes, perfum'd in the ſpring.

That Maddie, in all the gay bloom of her youth,
Like the moon, was inconſtant, and never ſpoke truth:
But Suſie was faithful, good-humour'd, and free,
And fair as the goddeſs that ſprung from the ſea.

That mamma's fine daughter, with all her great dow'r,
Was awkwardly airy, and frequently ſour:
Then, ſighing, he wiſh'd, would parents agree,
The witty, ſweet Suſan, his miſtreſs might be.

SONG LXV.

EWE-BUGHTS, MARION.


Will ye go to the ewe-bughts, Marion, And
wear in the ſheep wi' me? The ſun ſhines
ſweet, my Marion, But nae half ſae ſweet as
thee. The ſun ſhines ſweet, my Marion, But
nae half ſae ſweet as thee.

O Marion's a bonny laſs,
And the blyth blink's in her e'e;
And fain wad I marry Marion,
Gin Marion wad marry me.

There's goud in your garters, Marion,
And ſilk on your white hauſe-bane;
Fu' fain wad I kiſs my Marion,
At e'en when I come hame.

I've nine milk ewes, my Marion,
A cow and a brawny quey,
I'll gi'e them a' to my Marion,
Juſt on her bridal day.

And ye's get a green ſey apron,
And waiſtcoat of the London brown,
And vow but ye will be vap'ring,
Whene'er ye gang to the town.

I'm young and ſtout, my Marion;
Nane dances like me on the green;
And gin ye forſake me, Marion,
I'll e'en draw up wi' Jean.

Sae put on your pearlins, Marion,
And kyrtle of the cramaſie!
And ſoon as my chin has nae hair on,
I ſhall come weſt, and ſee thee.

SONG LXVI.

To the foregoing Tune.

HOW blyth have I been with my Sandy,
As we ſat in the how o' the glen!
But nae mair can I meet wi' my Sandy,
To the banks o' the Rhine he has gane.

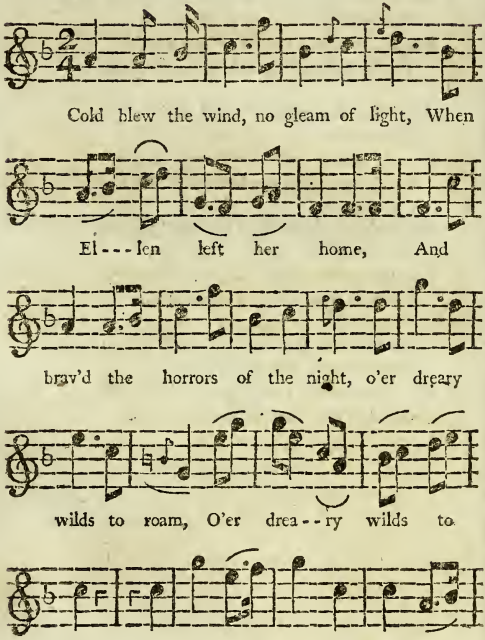
Alas! that the trumpet's loud clarion,
Thus draws a' our ſhepherds afar,
O could not the ewe-bughts and Marion,
Pleaſe mair than the horrors of war?

Not a plough in our land has been ganging,
The ouſen ha'e ſtood in their ſta':
Nae flails in our barns ha'e been banging,
For mair than this towmond or twa.

Wae's me, that the trumpet's ſhrill clarion,
Thus draws a' our ſhepherds afar!
O I wiſh that the ewe-bughts and Marion
Could charm from the horrors of war.

SONG LXVII.

SWEET ELLEN.


Andante.
Cold blew the wind, no gleam of light, When
El---len left her home, And
brav'd the horrors of the night, o'er dreary
wilds to roam, O'er drea--ry wilds to
roam. The love-ly maid had late been

She long was William's promis'd bride,
But ah! how ſad her doom!
The gentle youth, in beauty's pride,
Was ſummon'd to the tomb.
No more thoſe joys ſhall Ellen prove,
Which many an hour beguil'd;
From morn to eve ſhe mourns her love,
Sweet Ellen, ſorrow's child.

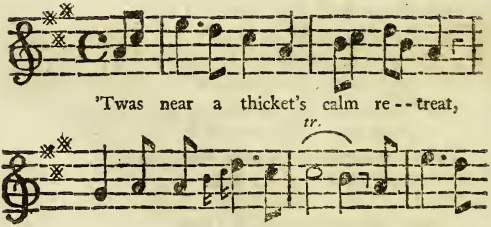
With falt'ring ſtep away ſhe flies,
O'er William's grave to weep;

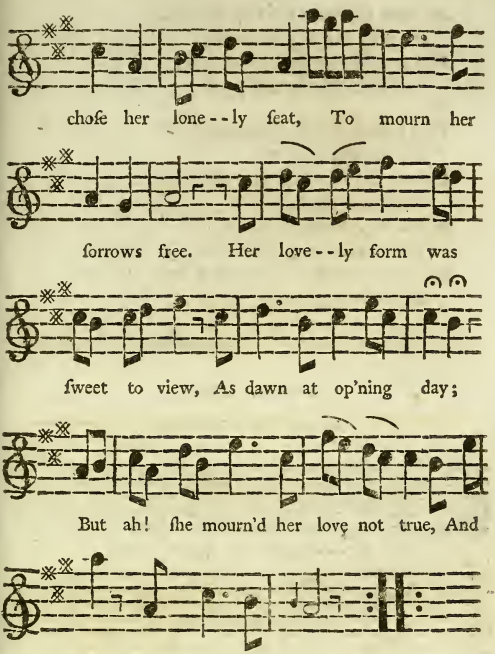
For Ellen there, with tears and ſighs,
Her watch would often keep.
The pitying angel ſaw her woe,
And came with aſpect mild;
Thy tears ſhall now no longer flow,
Sweet Ellen, ſorrow's child.

Thy plaintive notes were heard above,
Where thou ſhalt ſoon find reſt;
Again thou ſhalt behold thy love,
And be for ever bleſt.
Ah! can ſuch bliſs be mine! ſhe cried,
With voice and looks ſo wild;
Then ſunk upon the earth and died,
Sweet Ellen, ſorrow's child.

SONG LXVIII.

MARIA.




chofe her lone--ly ſeat, To mourn her
ſorrows free. Her love--ly form was
ſweet to view, As dawn at op'ning day;
But ah! ſhe mourn'd her love not true, And
wept her cares a--way.

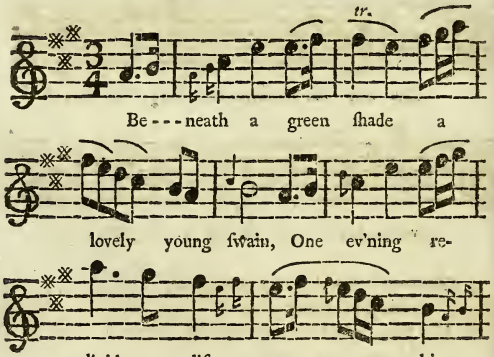
The brook flow'd gently at her feet,
In murmurs ſmooth along;
Her pipe, which once ſhe tun'd ſo ſweet,
Had now forgot its ſong.

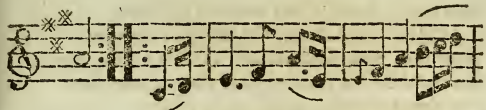
No more to charm the vale ſhe tries,
For grief has fill'd her breaſt;
Fled are the joys ſhe us'd to prize,
And fled with them her reſt.

Poor hapleſs maid! who can behold
Thy anguiſh ſo ſevere,
Or hear thy love-lorn ſtory told,
Without a pitying tear!
Maria, hapleſs maid, adieu!
Thy ſorrows ſoon muſt ceaſe;
Soon heaven will take a maid ſo true
To everlaſting peace.

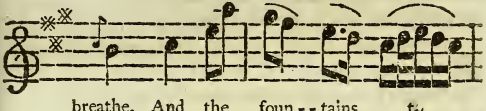
SONG LXIX.

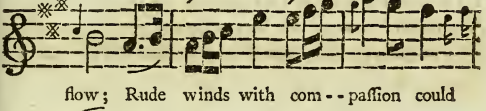
BRAES OF BALLENDINE.

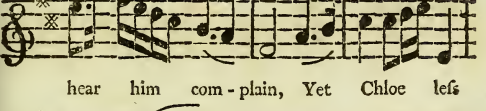


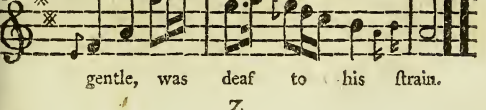

pain: So ſad, yet ſo ſweetly, he

warbled his woe, The wind ceas'd to


breathe, And the foun--tains to


flow; Rude winds with com--paſſion could


hear him com-plain, Yet Chloe leſs


gentle, was deaf to his ſtrain.

How happy, he cry'd, my moments once flew,
E'er Chloe's bright charms firſt flaſh'd on my view!
Thoſe eyes, then, with pleaſure, the dawn could ſurvey,
Nor ſmil'd the fair morning more cheerful than they;
Now ſcenes of diſtreſs pleaſe only my ſight,
I ſicken in pleaſure, and languiſh in light.

Thro' changes, in vain, relief I purſue:
All, all but conſpire my griefs to renew:
From ſunſhine, to zephyrs and ſhades we repair;
To ſunſhine we fly from too piercing an air:
But love's ardent fever burns always the ſame!
No winter can cool it, no ſummer inflame.

But, ſee! the pale moon, all clouded, retires!
The breezes grow cool, not Strephon's deſires!
I fly from the dangers of tempeſt and wind,
Yet nouriſh the madneſs that preys on my mind.
Ah, wretch! how can life be worthy thy care,
Since length'ning its moments but lengthens deſpair

SONG LXX.

THE GRACEFUL MOVE.

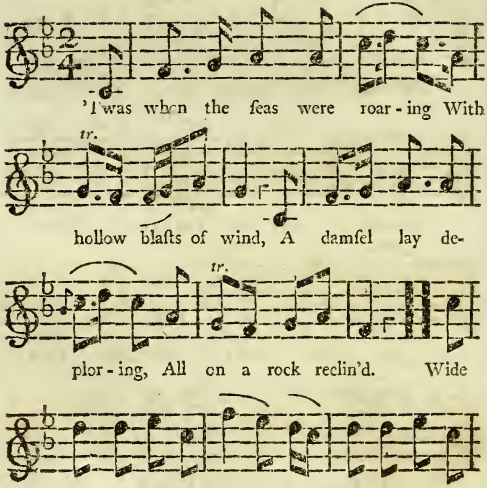
Moderato.

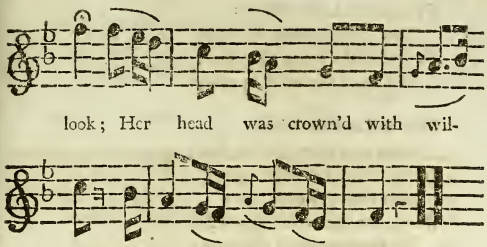
When firſt I ſaw thee graceful move,
Ah! me, what meant my throb - bing
breaſt; Say, ſoft con - - - - fu - - - ſion,
art thou love? If love thou
art, then fare - - - well reſt.

With gentle ſmiles aſſuage the pain,
Thoſe gentle ſmiles did firſt create,
And though you cannot love again,
In pity, ah! forbear to hate.

SONG LXXI.

'TWAS WHEN THE SEAS WERE ROARING.


'Twas when the ſeas were roar-ing With
tr.
hollow blaſts of wind, A damſel lay de-
tr.
plor-ing, All on a rock reclin'd. Wide
o'er the rolling billows, She caſt a wiſhful



Twelve months were gone and over,
And nine long tedious days;
Why didſt thou, vent'rous lover,
Why didſt thou truſt the ſeas?
Ceaſe, ceaſe, thou troubled ocean,
And let my lover reſt;
Ah! what's thy troubled motion
To that within my breaſt?

The merchant, robb'd of treaſure,
Views tempeſts with deſpair;
But what's the loſs of treaſure,
To loſing of my dear?
Should you ſome coaſt be laid on,
Where gold and diamonds grow,
You'd find a richer maiden,
But none that loves you ſo.

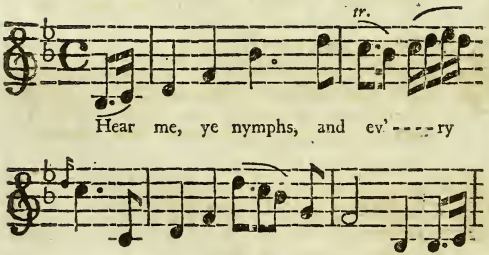
How can they ſay that nature
Has nothing made in vain?
Why then, beneath the water
Do hideous rocks remain?

No eyes the rocks diſcover
That lurk beneath the deep,
To wreck the wand'ring lover,
And leave the maid to weep.

Thus melancholy lying,
Thus wail'd ſhe for her dear;
Repaid each blaſt with ſighing,
Each billow with a tear:
When o'er the white waves ſtooping,
His floating corpſe ſhe ſpied;
Then, like a lily drooping,
She bow'd her head,—and died.

SONG LXXII.

BUSH ABOON TRAQUAIR.



thus I languiſh and com-plain, A--las ſhe
ne'er be-lieves me: My vows and
ſighs, like ſi--lent air, Un--heed--ed
ne---ver move her, The bon--ny
buſh a----boon Tra-quair, Was where I
firſt did love her.

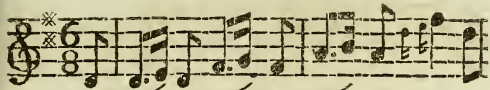
That day ſhe ſmil'd and made me glad;
No maid ſeem'd ever kinder;
I thought myſelf the luckieſt lad,
So ſweetly there to find her.
I try'd to ſoothe my am'rous flame,
In words that I thought tender;
If more there paſs'd I'm not to blame;
I meant not to offend her.

Yet now ſhe ſcornful flees the plain,
The fields we then frequented;
If e'er we meet ſhe ſhows diſdain,
She looks as ne'er acquainted.
The bonny buſh bloom'd fair in May,
Its ſweets I'll ay remember;
But now her frowns make it decay;
It fades as in December.

Ye rural pow'rs, who hear my ſtrains,
Why thus ſhould Peggy grieve me?
Oh, make her partner in my pains!
And let her ſmiles relieve me!
If not, my love will turn deſpair;
My paſſion no more tender;
I'll leave the buſh aboon Traquair;
To lonely wilds I'll wander.

SONG LXXIII.

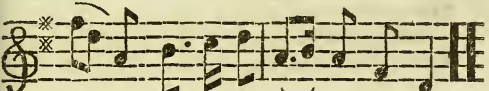
THE HIGHLAND LADDIE.



The lawland lads think they are fine, But

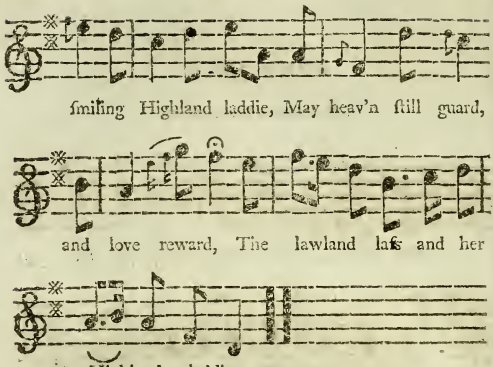
oh they're vain and id---ly gawdy; How

much un--like the grace-fu' mein, And



man-ly looks of my Highland lad-die.

O my bonny Highland laddie, my handſome



If I were free at will to chuſe,
To be the wealthieſt lawland lady,
I'd take young Donald without trews,
With bonnet blue, and belted plaidy.
O my bonny, &c.

The braweſt beau in burrow's town,
In a' his airs, with art made ready,
Compar'd to him he's but a clown;
He's finer far in's tartan plaidie.
O my bonny, &c.

O'er benty hill with him I'll run,
And leave my lawland kin and daddy,
Frae winter's cauld, and ſummer's ſun,
He'll ſcreen me with his Highland plaidy.
O my bonny, &c.

A painted room and ſilken bed,
May pleaſe a lawland laird and lady;
But I can kiſs and be as glad,
Behind a buſh in's Highland plaidy,
O my bonny, &c.

Few compliments between us paſs,
I ca' him my dear Highland laddie,
And he ca's me his lawland laſs,
Syne rows me in beneath his plaidy.
O my bonny, &c.

Nae greater joy I'll e'er pretend,
Than that his love prove true and ſteady,
Like mine to him, which ne'er ſhall end,
While heav'n preſerves my Highland laddie,
O my bonny, &c.

SONG LXXIV.

THE HIGHLAND LASSIE.

To the foregoing Tune.

THE lawland maids gang trig and fine,
But aft they're four and unco faucy;
Sae proud, they never can be kind,
Like my good-humour'd Highland laffie.
O my bonny Highland laffie,
My hearty, fmiling Highland laffie,
May never care make thee lefs fair,
But bloom of youth ftill blefs my laffie.

Than ony lafs in burrow's-town,
Wha mak' their cheeks with patches mottie,
I'd tak' my Katty butt a gown,
Bare-footed in her little coatie
O my bonny, &c.

Beneath the brier or brecken bufh,
Whene'er I kifs and court my dawtie,
Happy and blyth as ane wad wifh,
My flighterin' heart gangs pittie pattie.
O my bonny, &c.

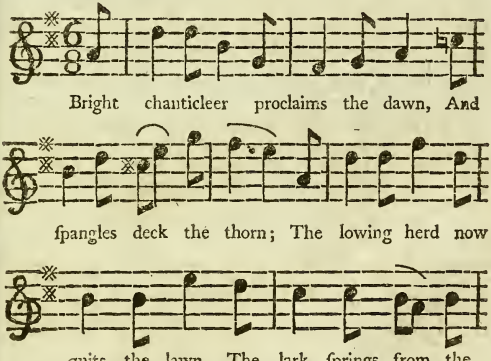
O'er higheft heathery hills I'll ften,
With cockit gun and ratches tenty,
To drive the deer out of their den,
To feaft my lafs on difhes dainty.
O my bonny, &c.

There's nane ſhall dare, by deed or word,
'Gainſt her to wag a tongue or finger,
While I can weild my truſty ſword,
Or frae my ſide whiſk out a whinger.
O my bonny, &c.

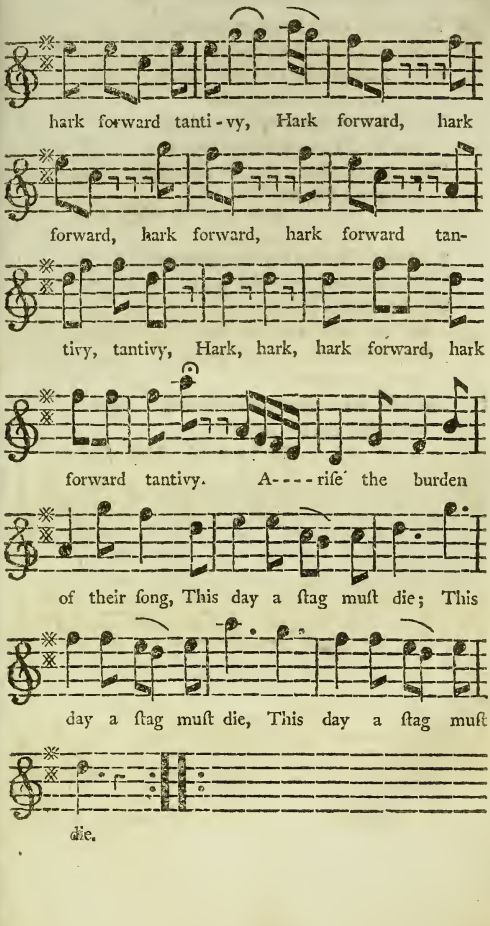
The mountains clad with purple bloom,
And berries ripe, invite my treaſure
To range with me; let great fowk gloom,
While wealth and pride confound their pleaſure.
O my bonny, &c.

SONG LXXV.

OLD TOWLER.


Bright chanticleer proclaims the dawn, And
ſpangles deck the thorn; The lowing herd now
quits the lawn, The lark ſprings from the

corn: Dogs, huntſmen, round the window
throng, Fleet Towler leads the cry; A-
riſe the bur-den of their ſong, This
day a ſtag muſt die: With a hey ho
chi--vy, Hark forward, hark forward tan-
ti-vy, With a hey ho chi-vy, Hark forward,

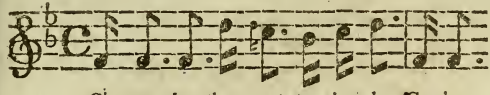

hark forward tanti-vy, Hark forward, hark
forward, hark forward, hark forward tan-
tivy, tantivy, Hark, hark, hark forward, hark
forward tantivy. A----rise the burden
of their song, This day a stag must die; This
day a stag must die, This day a stag must
die.

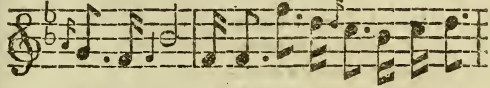
The cordial takes its merry round,
The laugh and joke prevail,
The huntſman blows a jovial ſound,
The dogs ſnuff up the gale:
The upland winds they ſweep along,
O'er fields through brakes they fly;
The game is rous'd, too true the ſong,
This day a ſtag muſt die,
With a hey ho chivy, &c.

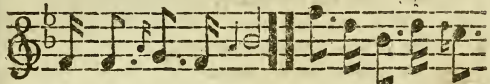
Poor ſtag, the dogs thy haunches gore,
The tears run down thy face;
The huntſman's pleaſure is no more,
His joys were in the chace:
Alike the ſportſmen of the town,
The virgin game in view,
Are full content to run them down,
Then they in turn purſue.
With a hey ho chivy, &c.

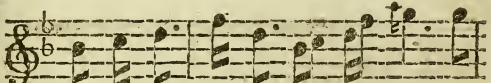
SONG LXXVI.

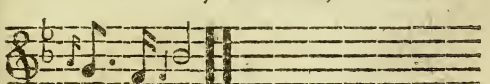
GIN A BODY MEET A BODY.











Gin a body meet a body
Comin frae the well,
Gin a body kiſs a body,
Need a body tell?
Ilka body has a body,
Ne'er a ane hae I;
But a' the lads they lo'e me weel,
And what the war am I?

Gin a body meet a body
Comin frae the town,
Gin a body kiſs a body,
Need a body gloom?
Ilka Jenny has her Jockey,
Ne'er a ane hae I;
But a the lads they lo'e me weel,
And what the war am I?

SONG LXXVII.

Original words of the foregoing Tune.

COMIN through the rye, poor body,
Comin through the rye,
She draigl't a' her petticotie,
Comin through the rye.
Oh Jenny's a' weet, poor body,
Jenny's ſeldom dry,
She draigl't a her petticotie,
Comin through the rye.

Gin a body meet a body
Comin through the rye,
Gin a body kiſs a body,
Need a body cry?
O Jenny's a' weet, &c.

Gin a body meet a body
Comin through the glen;
Gin a body kiſs a body,
Need the warld ken?
Oh Jenny's a' weet, &c.

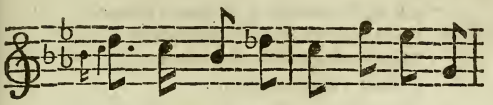
Kiſſin is the key of love,
And clappin is the lock,
And makin o's the beſt thing
That e'er a young thing got.
Oh Jenny's a' weet, &c.

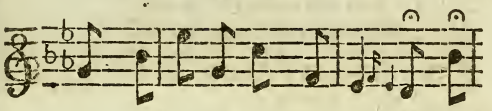
SONG LXXVIII.

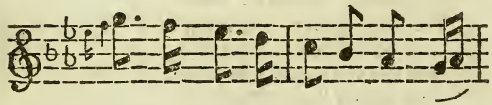
CAROLINE OF LITCHFIELD.

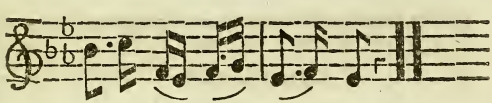
Affetuoſo.

The village hind with toil had done, And
homewards bent his way, While
on the wave the ſetting ſun Clos'd
the de-part-ing day, Clos'd the de-
part--ing day; When Ca-ro-line of









As dews diſtilling on the roſe,
In brightneſs oft appear;
So Caroline, amid her woes,
Seem'd lovelier with a tear.

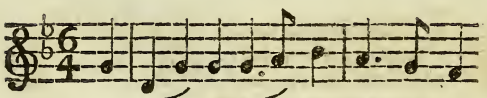
" Ah me!" ſhe cried, " life has no charms,
" For, 'neath the drooping willow,
" My lover ſleeps in death's cold arms,
" Upon a moiſten'd pillow.

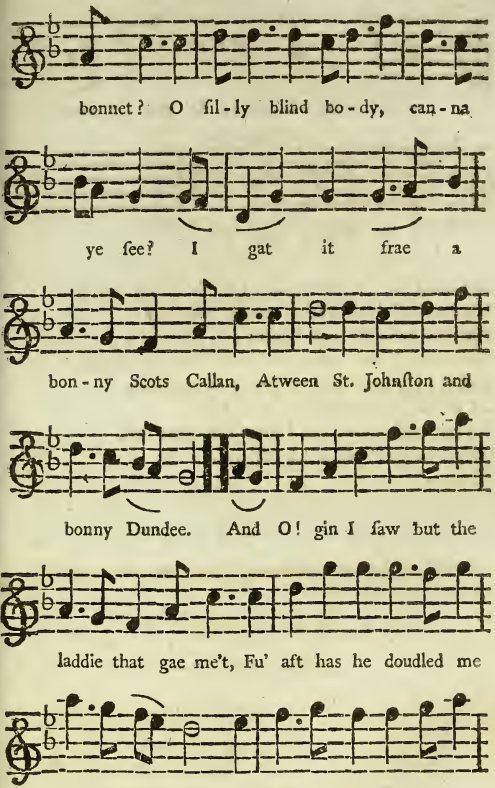
" For me he brav'd the dang'rous part,
" And found a watery tomb,
" Can ſilence reign then in the heart,
" Or gratitude be dumb?
" Ah, no! affection's tear ſhall flow,
" Pure as the cryſtal fountain,
" Till death ſhall end this life of woe,
" Which now's beyond ſurmounting."

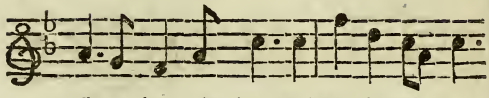
Then ſighing with a wiſhful look,
A looſe to grief ſhe gave,
And headlong plung'd into the brook,
There ſunk beneath the wave.
The village maids the tale relate,
At eve and early morning,
How love was nipt by adverſe fate,
Ere ſcarcely it was dawning.

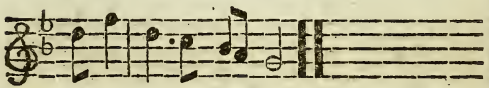
SONG LXXIX.

BONNY DUNDEE.




bonnet? O ſil-ly blind bo-dy, can-na
ye ſee? I gat it frae a
bon-ny Scots Callan, Atween St. Johnſton and
bonny Dundee. And O! gin I ſaw but the
laddie that gae me't, Fu' aft has he doudled me
on o' his knee; But now he's a-wa, and I

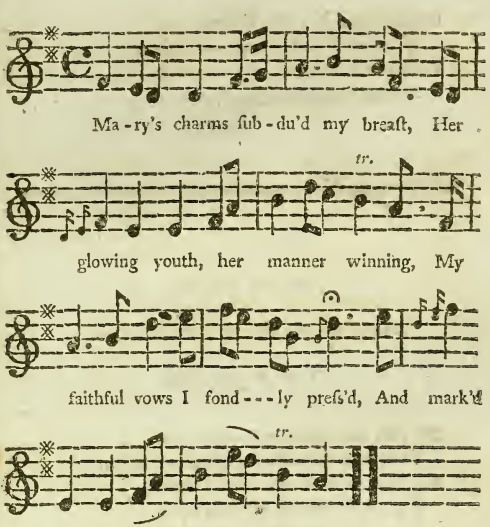




My heart has nae room when I think on my dawty,
His dear rofy haffets bring tears in my e'e;
But now he's awa, and I dinna ken whar he's,
Gin we cou'd anſe meet, we's ne'er part till we die.
And O! gin I ſaw but my bonny Scots Callan,
Fu' aft has he doudled me on his knee;
But now he's away, and I dinna ken whar he's,
O! gin he was back to his Minny and me.

SONG LXXX.

Tune—*Braw lads o' Galla water.*


Ma-ry's charms ſub-du'd my breaſt, Her
tr.
glowing youth, her manner winning, My
faithful vows I fond---ly preſs'd, And mark'd
tr.
the ſweet re--turn be--ginning.

Fancy kindly on my mind,
Yet paints that ev'ning's dear declining,
When raptur'd firſt I found her kind,
Her melting ſoul to love reſigning.

Years of nuptial bliſs have roll'd,
And ſtill I've found her more endearing;
Each wayward paſſion ſhe controul'd,
Each anxious care, each ſorrow cheering.

Children now in ruddy bloom,
With artleſs look attention courting,
With infant ſmiles diſpel each gloom,
Around our hut ſo gaily ſporting.

SONG LXXXI.

BRAW, BRAW LADS ON YARROW BRAES.

To the foregoing Tune.

BRAW, braw lads on Yarrow braes,
Ye wander through the blooming heather;
But Yarrow braes, nor Ettrick ſhaws,
Can match the lads o' Galla water.

But there is ane, a ſecret ane,
Aboon them a' I lo'e him better,
And I'll be his, and he'll be mine,
The bonny lad o' Galla water.

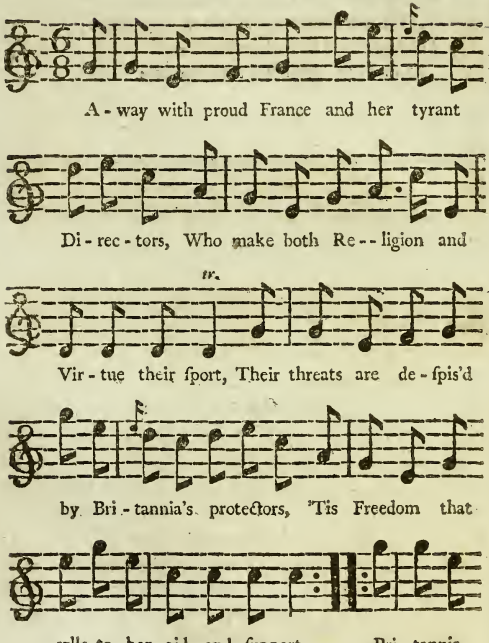
Although his daddie was nae laird,
And though I ha'e nae meikle tocher,
Yet rich in kindeſt, trueſt love,
We'll tent our flocks by Galla water.

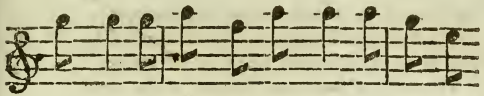
It ne'er was wealth, it ne'er was wealth,
That coſt contentment, peace, or pleaſure;
The bands and bliſs o' mutual love,
O that's the chiefeſt warld's treaſure.

SONG LXXXII.

THE SONS OF THE CLYDE.

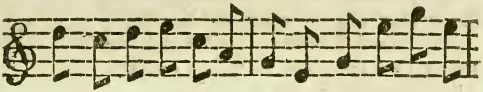
Tune—*Rural Felicity.*


A - way with proud France and her tyrant
Di - rec - tors, Who make both Re - - ligion and
tr.
Vir - tue their ſport, Their threats are de - ſpis'd
by Bri - tannia's protectors, 'Tis Freedom that
calls to her aid and ſupport. Bri - tannia



demands our hearts and our hands, A-way, let

us conquer or fall by her ſide: Come, ſee



Courage and Li-berty no-bly in-ſpir-ing the

ſons of the Clyde.

'Twas Liberty gave us our commerce and treaſure,
She taught us to cultivate ſcience and mirth,
To patronize learning and ſocial pleaſure,
To lighten the heart, and give jollity birth:
Come, come Britons all, it is Liberty's call,
Let's haſte to her ſhrine, let us garlands provide;
Come, ſee
Courage and Liberty,
Nobly inſpiring the ſons of the Clyde.

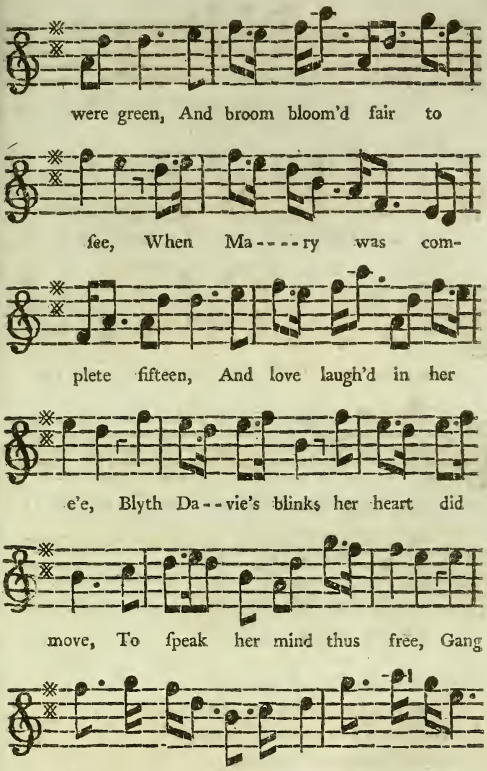
By Freedom we hold all our foes in defiance,
The banner of Britain o'er earth ſhe's unfurl'd,
And ſovereigns of nations now court her alliance,
The terror of ſtates, and the pride of the world.
Long, long o'er our iſle may Liberty ſmile,
And bleſs her with monarchs us wiſely to guide:
Come, ſee
Courage and Liberty,
Nobly inſpiring the ſons of the Clyde.

Make happy, ye fair ones, thoſe heroes of ſpirit,
Who've courage and freedom the land to defend;
Be partial to valour, to worth, and to merit,
For who well deſerves you but Liberty's friend?
To guard love and beauty we make it our duty,
To aid their felicity ſtill be our pride:
Come, ſee
Daughters of Liberty
Greeting, with rapture, the ſons of the Clyde.

SONG LXXXIII.

DOWN THE BURN, DAVIE.

When trees did bud, and fields


were green, And broom bloom'd fair to
ſee, When Ma----ry was com-
plete fifteen, And love laugh'd in her
e'e, Blyth Da--vie's blinks her heart did
move, To ſpeak her mind thus free, Gang
down the burn, Davie, love, down the burn

Davie, love, down the burn, Davie, love, and
I will follow thee, down the burn, Davie, love,
down the burn, Davie, love, down the burn, Davie,
love, Gang down the burn, Davie, love, And
I will follow thee.

Now Davie did each lad ſurpaſs
That dwelt on this burn ſide;
And Mary was the bonnieſt laſs,
Juſt meet to be his bride.
Blyth Davie's blinks, &c.

Her cheeks were roſy, red and white,
Her e'en were bonny blue,
Her looks were like Aurora bright,
Her lips like dropping dew.
Blyth Davie's blinks, &c.

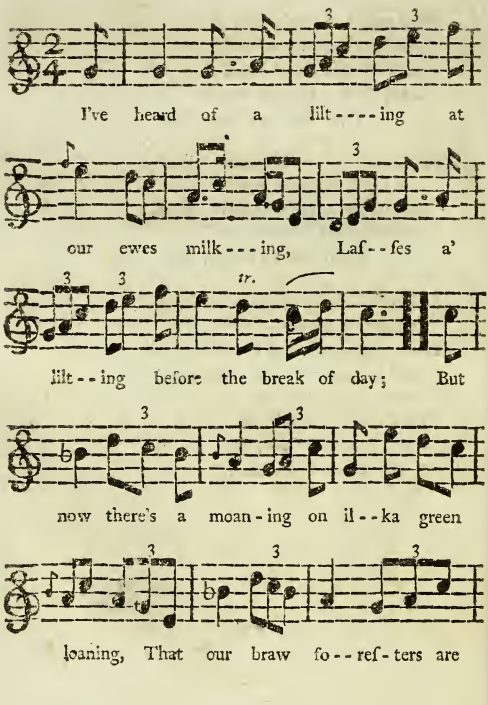
What paſs'd, I gueſs, was harmleſs play,
And nothing ſure unmeet;
For, ganging hame, I heard them ſay,
They lik'd a walk ſo ſweet.
Blyth Davies blinks, &c.

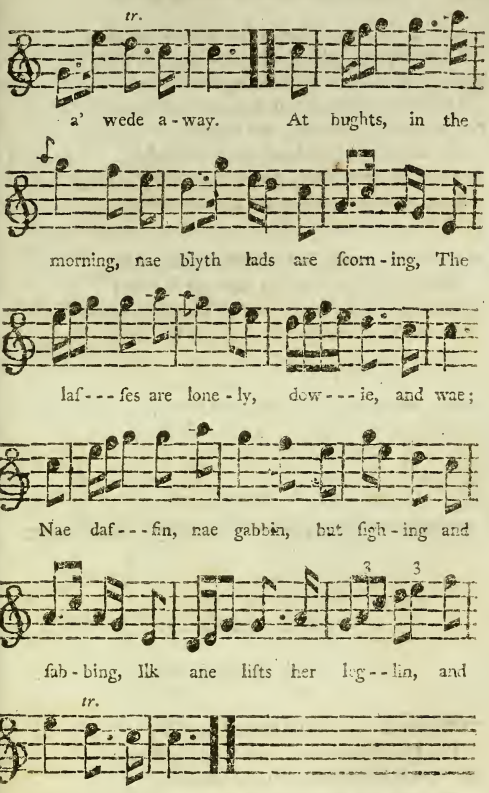
His cheeks to hers he fondly laid;
She cry'd, "Sweet love, be true;
"And when a wife, as now a maid,
"To death I'll follow you."
Blyth Davie's blinks, &c.

As fate had dealt to him a routh,
Straight to the kirk he led her,
There plighted her his faith and truth,
And a bonny bride he made her.
No more aſham'd to own her love,
Or ſpeak her mind thus free;
"Gang down the burn, Davie, love,
"And I will follow thee."

SONG LXXXIV.

THE FLOWERS OF THE FOREST.


I've heard of a lilt - - - - ing at
our ewes milk - - - ing, Laf - - fes a'
tr.
lilt - - ing before the break of day; But
now there's a moan - ing on il - - ka green
loaning, That our braw fo - - ref - ters are


tr.
a' wede a-way. At bughts, in the
morning, nae blyth lads are fcorn-ing, The
laf---fes are lone-ly, dow---ie, and wae;
Nae daf---fin, nae gabbin, but figh-ing and
3 3
fab-bing, lik ane lifts her leg--lin, and
tr.
hies her a-way.

At e'en at the gloaming, nae ſwankies are roaming
'Mangſt ſtacks, with the laſſes at bogle to play,
But ilk ane ſits dreary, lamenting her deary,
The flowers of the foreſt that are wede away.
At har'ſt, at the ſheering, nae younkers are jeering,
The ban'ſters are runkled, lyart, and grey;
At a fair or a preaching, nae wooing, nae fleeching,
Since our braw foreſters are a' wede away.

O dool for the order ſent our lads to the border!
The Engliſh, for ance, by guile gat the day;
The flowers of the foreſt, that ay ſhone the foremoſt,
The prime of our land lies cauld in the clay.
We'll hear nae mair liking at our ewes milking,
The women and bairns are dowie and wae,
Sighing and moaning on ilka green loaning,
Since our braw foreſters are a' wede away.

SONG LXXXV.

To the foregoing Tune.

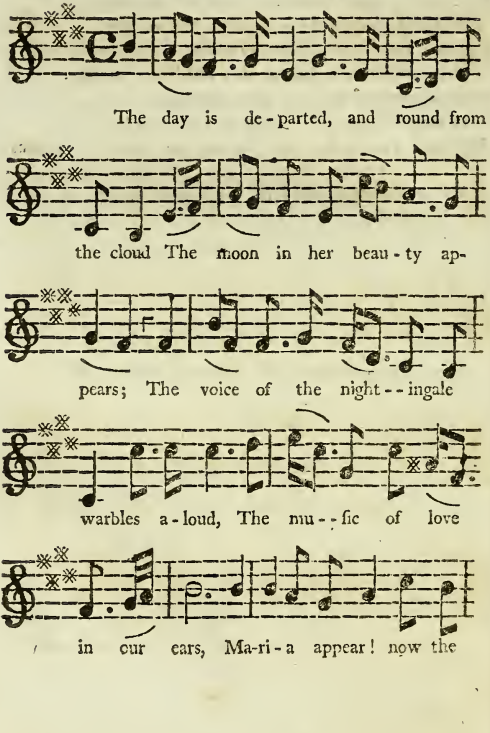
I'VE ſeen the ſmiling of fortune beguiling;
I've felt all its favours, and found its decay;
Sweet was its bleſſing, kind its careſſing,
But now it is fled—fled far away.

I've ſeen the foreſt adorned the foremoſt
With flowers of the faireſt, moſt pleaſant and gay;
Sae bonny was their blooming, their ſcent the air perfuming,
But now they are withered, and weeded away.

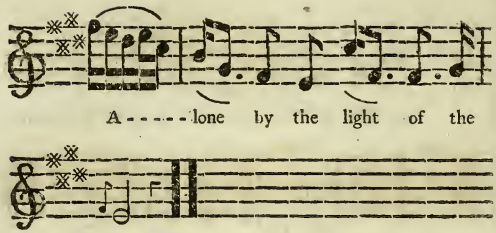
I've ſeen the morning with gold the hills adorning,
And loud tempeſt ſtorming before the mid-day;
I've ſeen Tweed's ſilver ſtreams ſhining in the ſunny beams,
Grow drumly and dark as they roll'd on their way.
O fickle fortune! why this cruel ſporting?
O why ſtill perplex us, poor ſons of a day?
Nae mair your ſmiles can cheer me, nae mair your frowns can fear me,
For the flowers of the foreſt are withered away.

SONG LXXXVI.

ALONE BY THE LIGHT OF THE MOON.


The day is de-parted, and round from
the cloud The moon in her beau-ty ap-
pears; The voice of the night--ingale
warbles a-loud, The mu--sic of love
in our ears, Ma-ri-a appear! now the

ſea-ſon ſo ſweet With the beat of the heart
is in tune; The time is ſo ten-der
for lovers to meet A-lone by the light
of the moon, A-lone by the light of
the moon, A--lone by the light of the
moon, A-lone by the light of the moon,

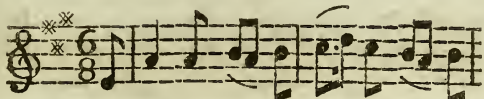


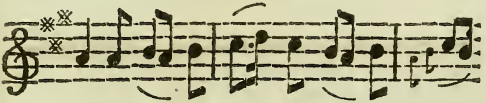
I cannot, when preſent, unfold what I feel;
I ſigh—can a lover do more?
Her name to the ſhepherds I never reveal,
Yet I think of her all the day o'er.
Maria, my love! do you long for the grove,
Do you ſigh for an interview ſoon;
Does e'er a kind thought run on me as you rove,
Alone by the light of the moon?

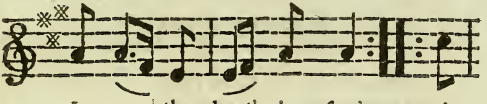
Your name from the ſhepherds, whenever I hear,
My boſom is all in a glow;
Your voice, when it vibrates ſo ſweet thro' mine ear,
My heart thrills—my eyes overflow.
Ye pow'rs of the ſky! will your bounty divine
Indulge a fond lover his boon;
Shall heart ſpring to heart, and Maria be mine,
Alone by the light of the moon?

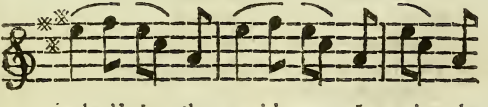
SONG LXXXVII.

AMANDA.









SONG LXXXVIII.

To the foregoing Tune.

YE banks and braes of bonny Doun,
How can ye bloom ſo freſh and fair?
How can ye chant, ye little birds,
While I'm ſo wae and fu' o' care?
Ye'll break my heart ye little birds,
That wanton through the flowering thorn,
Ye mind me of departed joys,
Departed, never to return.

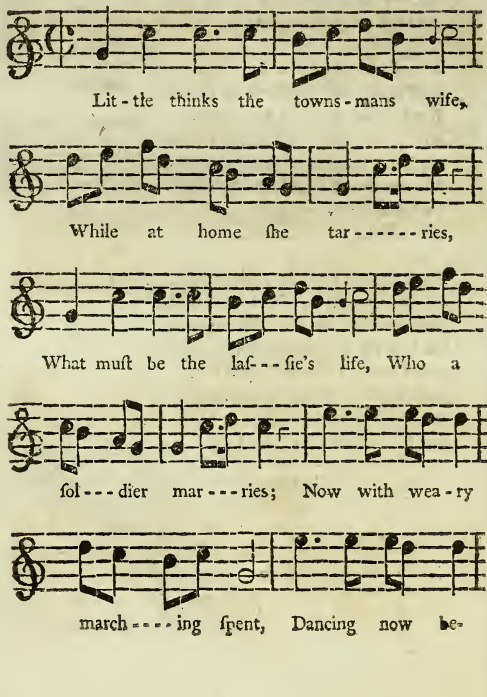
Oft have I roam'd by bonny Doun,
To ſee the roſe and woodbine twine,
Where ilka bird ſung o'er its note,
And cheerfully I join'd with mine.
Wi' heartſome glee I pull'd a roſe,
A roſe out of yon thorny tree;
But my falſe love has ſtoln the roſe,
And left the thorn behind to me.

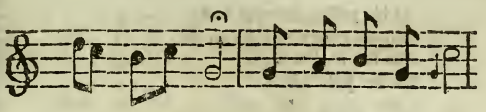
Ye roſes blaw your bonny blooms,
And draw the wild birds by the burn;
For Luman promis'd me a ring,
And ye maun aid me ſhould I mourn.
Ah! na, na, na, ye needna mourn,
My een are dim and drowſy worn;
Ye bonny birds ye needna ſing,
For Luman never can return.

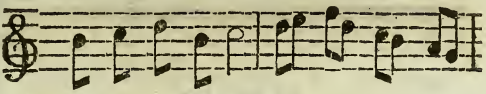
My Luman's love, in broken ſighs,
At dawn of day by Doun ye'ſe hear,
And mid-day, by the willow green,
For him I'll ſhed a ſilent tear.
Sweet birds, I ken ye'll pity me,
And join me wi' a plaintive ſang,
While echo wakes, and joins the mane
I mak' for him I loe'd ſae lang.

SONG LXXXIX.

LITTLE THINKS THE TOWNSMAN'S WIFE.


Lit-tle thinks the towns-mans wife,
While at home ſhe tar------ries,
What muſt be the laſ--ſie's life, Who a
ſol---dier mar---ries; Now with wea-ry
march----ing ſpent, Dancing now be-





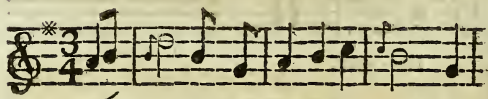
In the camp at night ſhe lies,
Wind and weather ſcorning,
Only griev'd her love muſt riſe,
And quit her in the morning;
But the doubtful ſkirmiſh done,
Blyth ſhe ſings at ſet of ſun,
Lira lira la, lira lira la,
With her jolly ſoldier.

Should the captain of her dear
Uſe his vain endeavour,
Whiſp'ring nonſenſe in her ear,
Two fond hearts to ſever;

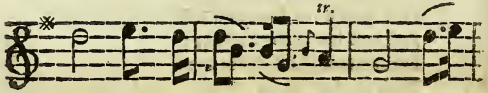
At his paſſion ſhe will ſcoff;
Laughing ſhe will put him off,
Lira lira la, lira lira la,
For her jolly ſoldier.

SONG XC.

QUEEN MARY'S LAMENTATION.



I ſigh and lament me in vain, Theſe



walls can but e---cho my moan; A-

las, it in---creaſes my pain, When I

think of the days that are gone: Thro' the
grate of my pri--son, I see The
birds as they wan-ton in air, My
heart how it pants to be free! My
looks they are wild with de-
spair.

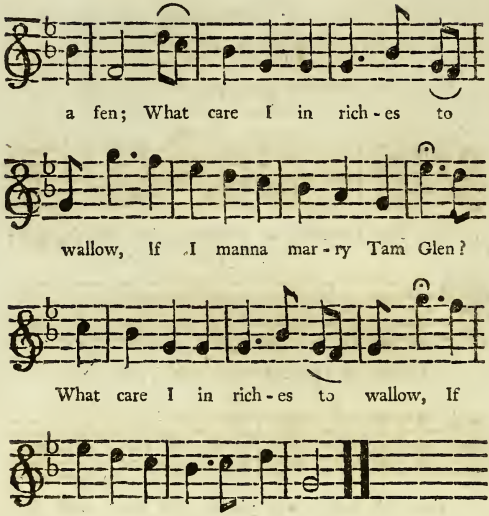
Above, tho' oppreſt by my fate,
I burn with contempt for my foes,
Tho' fortune has alter'd my ſtate,
She ne'er can ſubdue me to thoſe.
Falſe woman! in ages to come
Thy malice deteſted ſhall be;
And when we are cold in the tomb,
Some heart ſtill will ſorrow for me.

Ye roofs where cold damps and diſmay,
With ſilence and ſolitude dwell,
How comfortleſs paſſes the day,
How ſad tolls the evening bell;
The owls from the battlements cry,
Hollow wind ſeems to murmur around,
"O Mary, prepare thee to die,"
My blood it runs cold at the ſound.

SONG XCI.

TAM GLEN.

My heart is a breaking, dear Tittie, Some
counsel un-to me come len', To an-ger
them a' were a pi-ty, But what will I
do wi' Tam Glen? I'm thinking wi'
sic a braw fallow, In poortith I might mak'



There's Lowrie the laird o' Dumeller
'Gude day to you brute,' he comes ben,
He brags and he blaws o' his ſiller,
But when will he dance like Tam Glen?
My Minnie does conſtantly deave me,
And bids me beware o' young men;
They flatter, ſhe ſays, to deceive me,
But wha can think ſae o' Tam Glen?
They flatter, &c.

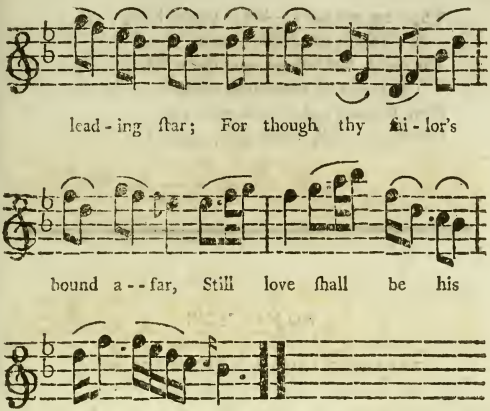
My Daddie ſays gin I'll forſake him,
He'll gi'e me gude hunder marks ten,
But if it's ordain'd I maun tak' him,
O wha will I get but Tam Glen?
Yeſtreen, at the valentines dealing,
My heart to my mou' gaed a ſten,
For thrice I drew ane without failing,
And thrice it was written, Tam Glen.
For thrice I drew, &c.

The laſt hallowe'en I was wauking
My drouket ſark-ſleeve, as ye ken,
His likeneſs cam' up the houſe ſtauking,
And the very grey breeks o' Tam Glen.
Come counſel, dear Tittie, don't tarry;
I'll gi'e you my bonnie black hen,
Gif ye will adviſe me to marry,
The lad I lo'e dearly, Tam Glen.
Gif ye will, &c.

SONG XCII.

TOPSAILS SHIVER IN THE WIND.

The topſails ſhi---ver in the wind, The
ſhip ſhe caſts to ſea; But yet my
ſoul, my heart, my mind, are, Ma---ry,
moor'd with thee. For tho' thy fai-
lor's bound a--far, Still love ſhall be his



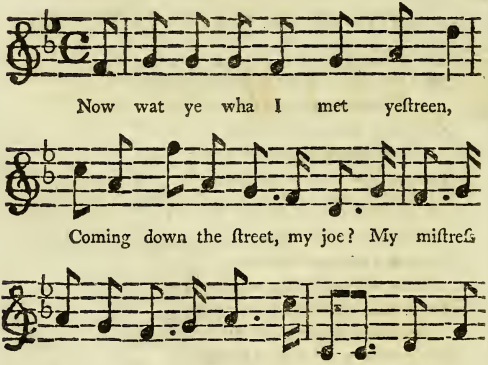
Should landmen flatter when we're ſail'd,
O doubt their artful tales;
No gallant ſailor ever fail'd,
If love breath'd conſtant gales;
Thou art the compaſs of my ſoul,
Which ſteers my heart from pole to pole.

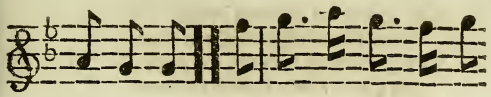
Sirens in every port we meet,
More fell than rocks or waves;
But ſuch as grace the Britiſh fleet,
Are lovers and not ſlaves:
No foes our courage ſhall ſubdue,
Altho' we've left our hearts with you.

Theſe are our cares,—but if you're kind,
We'll ſcorn the daſhing main,
The rocks, the billows, and the wind,
The power of France and Spain:
Now England's glory reſts with you,
Our ſails are full, ſweet girls, Adieu!

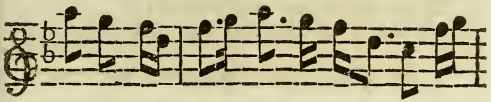
SONG XCIII.

THE YOUNG LAIRD AND EDINBURGH KATY.

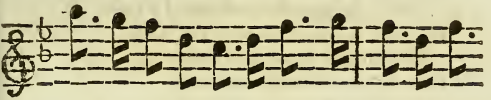




fweet, my joe. My dear, quoth I, thanks to



the night, That never wifh'd a lover ill, Since



ye're out of your mither's ſight, Let's tak' a wauk

up to the hill.

O Katy, wiltu' gang wi' me,
And leave the dinſome town a while,
The bloſſom's ſprouting frae the tree,
And a' the ſimmer's gawn to ſmile:
The mavis, nightingale, and lark,
The bleating lambs and whiſtling hind,
In ilka dale, green ſhaw, and park,
Will nouriſh health, and glad ye'r mind.

Soon as the clear gudeman of day
Inhales his morning draught of dew,
We'll gae to ſome burn-ſide and play,
And gather flow'rs to buſk ye'r brow:
We'll pu' the daiſies on the green,
The lucken gowans frae the bog;
Between hands, now and then we'll lean
And ſport upo' the velvet ſog.

There's up into a pleaſant glen,
A wee piece frae my father's tow'r,
A canny, ſaft, and flow'ry den,
Where circling birks have form'd a bower;
Whene'er the ſun grows high and warm,
We'll to that cauler ſhade remove,
There will I lock thee in my arms,
And love and kiſs, and kiſs and love.

SONG XCIV.

KATH'RINE OGIE.

Slow.

tr.
As walk-ing forth to view the plain,
tr.
Up--on a morn-ing ear---ly, While
May's fweet fcent did cheer my brain, From
tr.
Flow'rs which grow fo rare-ly: I
chanc'd to meet a pret--ty maid, She

I ſtood a while, and did admire,
To ſee a nymph ſo ſtately;
So briſk an air there did appear
In this dear maid ſo neatly.
Such nat'ral ſweetneſs ſhe diſplay'd,
Like lillies in a bogie;
Diana's ſelf was ne'er array'd
Like this ſame Kath'rine Ogie.

Thou flow'r of females, beauty's queen,
Who ſees thee, ſure muſt prize thee;
Tho' thou art dreſs'd in robes but mean,
Yet theſe cannot diſguiſe thee:

Thy handſome air and graceful look,
Excels a clowniſh rogie;
Thou'rt match for laird, or lord, or duke,
My charming Kath'rine Ogie.

O were I but ſome ſhepherd ſwain;
To feed my flock beſide thee,
At bughting-time to leave the plain,
In milking to abide thee;
I'd think myſelf a happier man,
With Kate, my club, and dogie,
Than he that hugs his thouſands ten,
Had I but Kath'rine Ogie.

Then I'd deſpiſe th' imperial throne,
And ſtateſmen's dang'rous ſtations:
I'd be no king, I'd wear no crown,
I'd ſmile at conqu'ring nations;
Might I careſs and ſtill poſſeſs
This laſs of whom I'm vogie;
For theſe are toys, and ſtill look leſs,
Compar'd with Kath'rine Ogie.

I fear the gods have not decreed
For me ſo fine a creature,
Whoſe beauty rare makes her exceed
All other works in nature.
Clouds of deſpair ſurround my love,
That are both dark and fogie:
Pity my caſe, ye pow'rs above,
I die for Kath'rine Ogie.

SONG XCV.

HENRY'S COTTAGE MAID.

Ah, where can fly my foul's true
love? Sad I wan--der this
lone grove; Sighs and tears for
him I fhed, Hen----ry is from
Lau-----ra fled. Thy love

to me thou didſt im--part, Thy
love ſoon won my vir------gin
heart: But, dear-eſt Henry, thou'ſt be-
tray'd Thy----love with thy poor
cot-tage maid.

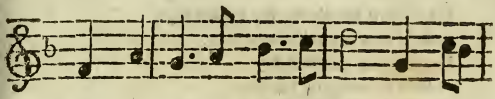
Through the vale my grief appears,
Sighing ſad, with pearly tears:
Oft thy image is my theme,
As I wander on the green:

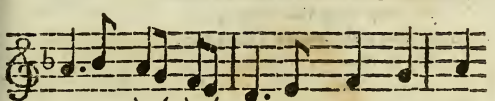
See, from my cheek the colour flies,
And love's ſweet hope within me dies;
For oh! dear Henry, thou'ſt betray'd
Thy love, with thy dear village maid.

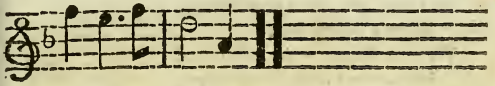
SONG XCVI.

THE MILLER.

Slowiſh.







When Jamie firſt did woo me,
I ſpeir'd what was his calling;
Fair maid, ſays he, O come and ſee,
Ye're welcome to my dwalling:
Though I was ſhy, yet I could ſpy
The truth of what he told me,
And that his houſe was warm and couth,
And room in it to hold me.

Behind the door a bag of meal,
And in the kiſt was plenty
Of good hard cakes his mither bakes,
And bannocks were na ſcanty;
A good fat ſow, a ſleeky cow
Was ſtanding in the byre;
Whilſt lazy puſs with mealy mouſe
Was playing at the fire.

Good ſigns are theſe, my mither ſays,
And bids me tak' the miller;
For foul day and fair day
He's ay bringing till her;
For meal and malt ſhe does na want,
Nor ony thing that's dainty;
And now and then a keckling hen,
To lay her eggs in plenty.

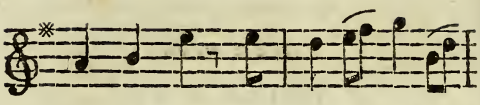
In winter, when the wind and rain
Blaws o'er the houſe and byre,
He ſits beſide a clean hearth ſtane,
Before a rouſing fire;
With nut-brown ale he tells his tale,
Which rows him o'er fu' nappy;
Who'd be a king!—a petty thing,
When a miller lives ſo happy.

SONG XCVII.

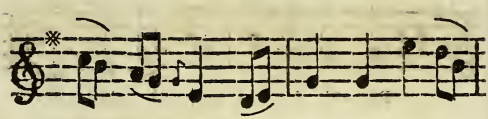
KIND ROBIN LO'ES ME.

Andantino.

Ro--bin is my on---ly jo, For
Ro--bin has the art to lo'e, So
to his ſuit I mean to bow, Be-cauſe
I ken he lo'es me. Hap-py, hap-py
was the ſhow'r, That led me to his



birk-en bow'r, Where firſt of love I-



fand the pow'r, And kend that Ro-bin

lo'e'd me.

They ſpeak of napkins, ſpeak of rings,
Speak of gloves and kiſſing-ſtrings,
And name a thouſand bonny things,
And ca' them ſigns he lo'es me:
But I'd prefer a ſmack of Rob,
Seated on the velvet fog,
To gifts as lang's a plaiden wab,
Becauſe I ken he lo'es me.

He's tall and ſonſy, frank and free,
Lóe'd by a' and dear to me,
Wi' him I'd live, wi' him I'd die,
Becauſe my Robin lo'es me.

My Titty Mary ſaid to me,
Our courtſhip but a joke wad be,
And I, ere lang, be made to ſee,
That Robin did nae lo'e me.

But little kens ſhe what has been
Me and my honeſt Rob between,
And in his wooing, O ſae keen
Kind Robin is that lo'es me.
Then fly ye lazy hours away,
And haſten on the happy day,
When 'join your hands,' Meſs John ſhall ſay,
And mak' him mine that lo'es me.

Till then, let ev'ry chance unite,
To weigh our love and fix delight,
And I'll look on a' ſuch wi' ſpite,
Wha doubt that Robin lo'es me.
O hey, Robin, quo' ſhe,
O hey, Robin, quo' ſhe,
O hey, Robin, quo' ſhe,
Kind Robin lo'es me.

SONG XCVIII.

THE DISCONSOLATE SAILOR.

S:
When my mo-ney was gone, that I
gain'd in the wars, And the world 'gan to
frown on my fate, What matter'd my zeal,
or my ho--nour--ed ſcars, When in-
dif--ference ſtood at each gate.

The face that would ſmile when my purſe was well lin'd,
Shew'd a different aſpect to me;
And when I could nought but ingratitude find,
I hied once again to the ſea.

I thought it unwiſe to repine at my lot,
Or to bear with cold looks on the ſhore,
So I pack'd up the trifling remnants I'd got,
And a trifle, alas! was my ſtore.

A handkerchief held all the treaſure I had,
Which over my ſhoulder I threw,
Away then I trudg'd, with a heart rather ſad,
To join with ſome jolly ſhip's crew.

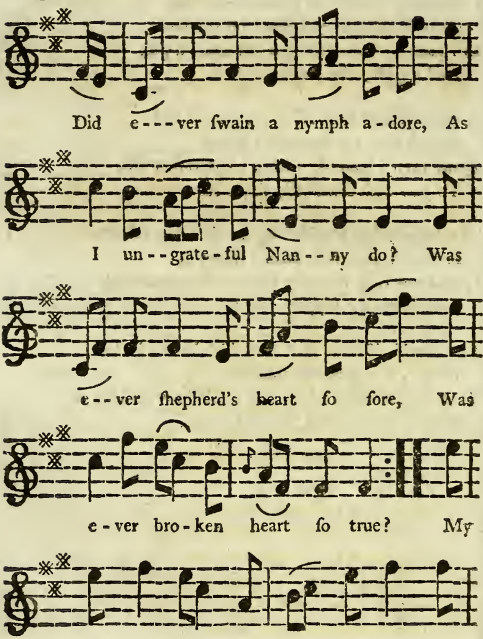
The ſea was leſs troubled by far than my mind,
For when the wide main I ſurvey'd,
I could not help thinking the world was unkind,
And Fortune a ſlippery jade:

And vow'd, if once more I could take her in tow,
I'd let the ungrateful ones ſee,
That the turbulent winds and the billows could ſhow
More kindneſs than they did to me.

SONG XCIX.

UNGRATEFUL NANNY.

Allegretto.


Did e---ver ſwain a nymph a-dore, As
I un--grate-ful Nan--ny do? Was
e--ver ſhepherd's heart ſo ſore, Was
e-ver bro-ken heart ſo true? My
cheeks are ſwell'd with tears, but ſhe Has

If Nanny call'd, did Robin ſtay,
Or linger when ſhe bid me run?
She only had the word to ſay,
And all ſhe aſk'd was quickly done:
I always thought on her, but ſhe
Would ne'er beſtow a thought on me.
I always thought, &c.

To let her cows my clover taſte,
Have I not roſe by break of day?
When did her heifers ever faſt,
If Robin in his yard had hay?
Tho' to my fields they welcome were,
I never welcome was to her.
Tho' to my, &c.

If Nanny ever loſt a ſheep,
I chearfully did give her two:
Did not her lambs in ſafety ſleep
Within my folds in froſt and ſnow?
Have they not there from cold been free?
But Nanny ſtill is cold to me.
Have they not, &c.

Whene'er I climb'd our orchard trees,
The ripeſt fruit was kept for Nan;
Oh how thoſe hands that drown'd her bees
Were ſtung! I'll ne'er forget the pain:
Sweet were the combs as ſweet could be,
But Nanny ne'er look'd ſweet on me.
Sweet were, &c.

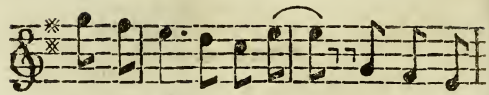
If Nanny to the well did come,
'Twas I that did her pitchers fill;
Full as they were I brought them home,
Her corn I carry'd to the mill:
My back did bear her ſacks, but ſhe
Would never bear the ſight of me.
My back did bear, &c.

Muſt Robin always Nanny woo?
And Nanny ſtill on Robin frown?
Alas! poor wretch! what ſhall I do,
If Nanny does not love me ſoon?
If no relief to me ſhe'll bring,
I'll hang me in her apron ſtring.
If no relief, &c.

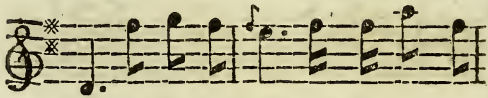
SONG C.

SALLY IN OUR ALLEY.

Of all the girls that are ſo
ſmart, There's none like pret--ty Sal---ly,
She is the dar--ling of my heart,
3
And ſhe lives in our-----al---ley;
There's ne'er a la--dy in the land That's



half ſo ſweet as Sal - - - ly, For ſhe's the



darling of my heart, And ſhe lives in

our al - - - ley,

Her father he makes cabbage nets
For thoſe that want to buy 'em,
Her mother ſhe makes laces long,
And thro' the ſtreets does cry 'em:
But ſure ſuch folks cou'd ne'er beget
So ſweet a girl as Sally,
She is the darling of my heart,
And ſhe lives in our alley.

When ſhe is by I leave my work,
I love her ſo ſincerely,
My maſter comes like any Turk,
And bangs me moſt ſeverely:
But let him bang his belly full,
I'll bear it all for Sally.

For ſhe's the darling of my ſoul,
And ſhe lives in our alley.

Of all the days into the week,
I dearly love but one day,
And that's the day that comes between
A Saturday and Monday;
For then I'm dreſt in all my beſt,
To walk abroad with Sally,
For ſhe's the darling of my ſoul,
And ſhe lives in our alley.

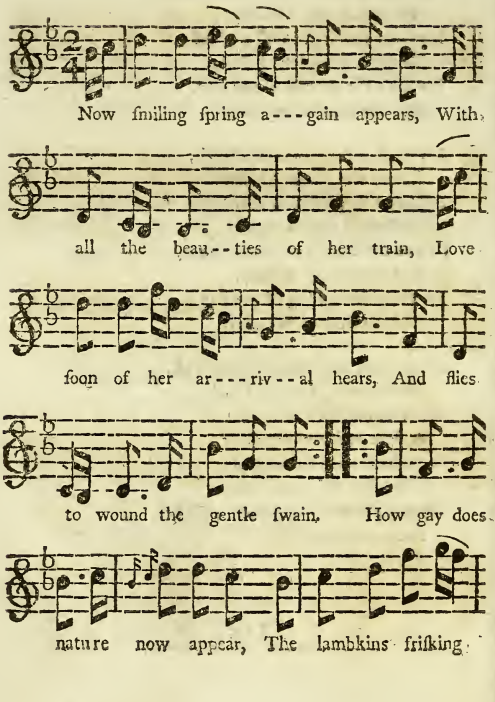
My maſter carries me to church,
Where often I am blamed,
Becauſe I leave him in the lurch,
As ſoon as text is named.
I leave the church in ſermon time,
And ſlink away to Sally,
For ſhe's the darling of my ſoul,
And ſhe lives in our alley.

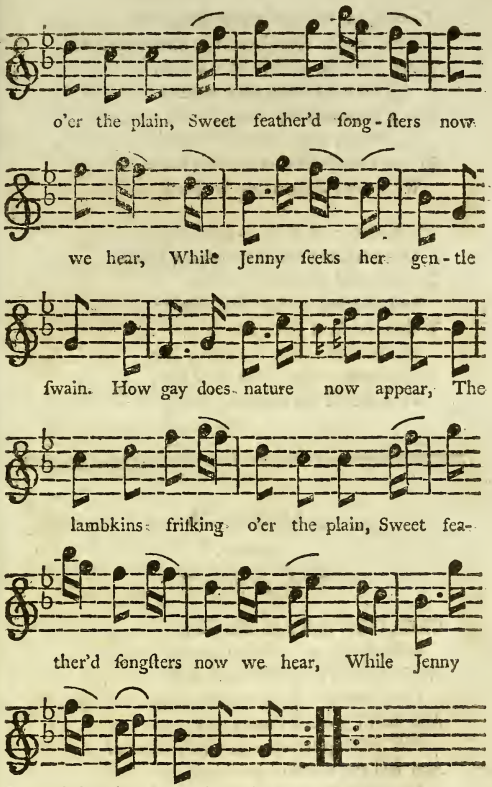
My maſter, and the neighbours all,
Make game of me and Sally,
Wer't not for her, I'd better be
A ſlave and row a galley;
For when my ſeven long years are out,
Why then I'll marry Sally,
Then we'll wed—and then we'll bed,
But not into our alley.

SONG CI.

NOW SMILING SPRING AGAIN APPEARS.

Tune—*Johnny's Grey Breeks.*


Now ſmiling ſpring a---gain appears, With
all the beau--ties of her train, Love
ſoon of her ar---riv--al hears, And flies
to wound the gentle ſwain. How gay does
nature now appear, The lambkins friſking


o'er the plain, Sweet feather'd ſong-ſters now
we hear, While Jenny ſeeks her gen-tle
ſwain. How gay does nature now appear, The
lambkins friſking o'er the plain, Sweet fea-
ther'd ſongſters now we hear, While Jenny
ſeeks her gentle ſwain.

Ye nymphs, O! lead me to the grove,
Thro' which your ſtreams in ſilence mourn
There with my Johnny let me rove,
'Till once his fleecy flock return:
Young Johnny is my loving ſwain,
He ſweetly pipes along the mead,
So ſoon's the lambkins hear his ſtrain,
With eager ſteps return in ſpeed.

The flocks, now all in ſportive play,
Come friſking round the piping ſwain,
Then, fearful of too long delay,
Run bleating to their dams again:
Within the freſh green myrtle grove,
The feather'd choir in rapture ſing,
And ſweetly warble forth their love,
To welcome the returning ſpring.

SONG CII.

EMMA.

To the foregoing Tune.

CREATION ſmiles on ilka ſide,
In lively green the fields appear,
While cuckoos publiſh far and wide,
That ſummer's florid beauty's near.
And ſhall I peerleſs Emma find
Still bluſhing ſweet with native charms?
And will the faireſt o' her kind
Conſent to bleſs my langing arms?

Again we tryſt, and punctual meet,
Far, far beyond yon riſing hill,
Where black birds ſing and lambkins bleat,
In concert with the gurgling rill.
Nae miſer's wealth, næ ſtateſmen's fame,
Nae toper's joy envied I ſee,
While room within her breaſt I claim,
That's wealth, and fame, and joy to me.

With counterfeited ſlee deſign,
Equipt the angler, aft I gang,
Yet flee, or bait, or art of mine,
The ſpeckled trouts but ſeldom wrang.
Enjoy your wanton random ſpouts,
Ye harmleſs tenants of the ſtream,
While I enjoy what better ſuits
A thrilling heart—my love's eſteem.

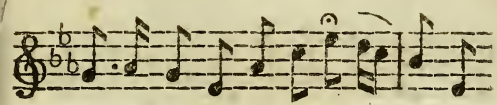
Where ſcented woodbines form a ſhade,
And birks their neighbour birks embrace,
I'll kiſs the dear enticing maid,
While ſweeteſt bluſhes paint her face.
May friendſhip bleeze with Hymen's flame,
A doubly-tender tye to caſt,
And time row round ilk day the ſame,
The future happy as the paſt.

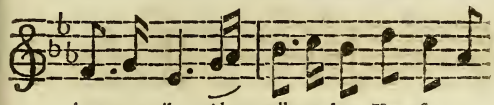
Ye woodland ſangſters join with me,
Ye dimpling ſtreams that curling glide,
Ye winds that ſough thro' ilka tree,
Hail, Emma—Hail my charming bride.
Then Fortune at thy ſhrine I'll bow,
Indulgent hear my anxious prayer;
"A frugal competence allow,
"Nor free, nor deep haraſs'd with care."

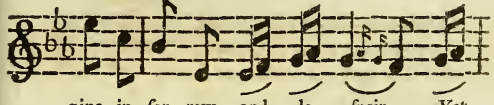
SONG CIII.

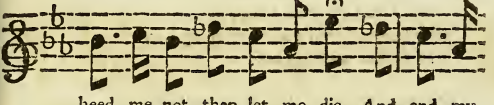
BANKS OF THE SHANNON.

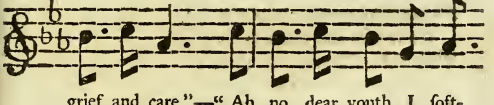
In ſummer when the leaves were green,
And bloſſoms deck'd each tree, Young
Teddy then declar'd his love, His artleſs
love to me: On Shannon's flow'ry banks
we ſat, And there he told his tale: "Oh

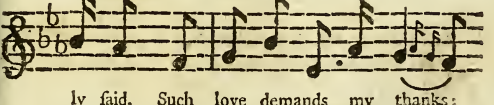

Pat-ty, ſoft-eſt of thy ſex, Oh let fond

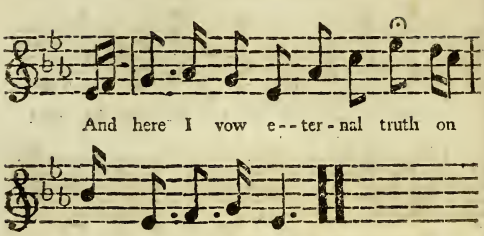

love prevail; Ah, well-a-day, You ſee me


pine in ſor-row and de---ſpair, Yet


heed me not, then let me die, And end my


grief and care."—" Ah no, dear youth, I ſoft-


ly ſaid, Such love demands my thanks:



And then we vow'd eternal truth
On Shannon's flow'ry banks,
And then we gather'd ſweeteſt flowers,
And play'd ſuch artleſs pranks:
But, woe is me, the preſs-gang came,
And forc'd my Ned away,
Juſt when we nam'd next morning fair,
To be our wedding day.

My love, he cry'd, they force me hence,
But ſtill my heart is thine,
All peace be yours, my gentle Pat,
While war and toil is mine.
With riches I'll return to thee,
I ſobb'd out words of thanks,
And then we vow'd eternal truth,
On Shannon's flow'ry banks.

And then we vow'd eternal truth,
On Shannon's flow'ry banks,
And then I ſaw him ſail away,
And join the hoſtile ranks.

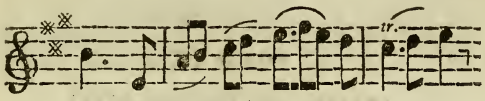
From morn to eve, for twelve dull months,
His abſence ſad I mourn'd,
The peace was made, the ſhip came back,
But Teddy ne'er return'd.

His beauteous face and manly form
Has won a nobler fair;
My Teddy's falſe, and I, forlorn,
Muſt die in ſad deſpair.
Ye gentle maidens, ſee me laid,
While you ſtand round in ranks,
And plant a willow o'er my head,
On Shannon's flow'ry banks.

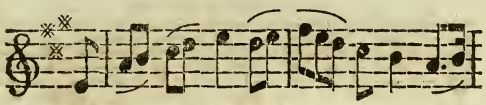
SONG CIV.

AT SETTING DAY AND RISING MORN.

Tune—*Mill, Mill, O.*



buſh, Where firſt thou kind---ly tald me



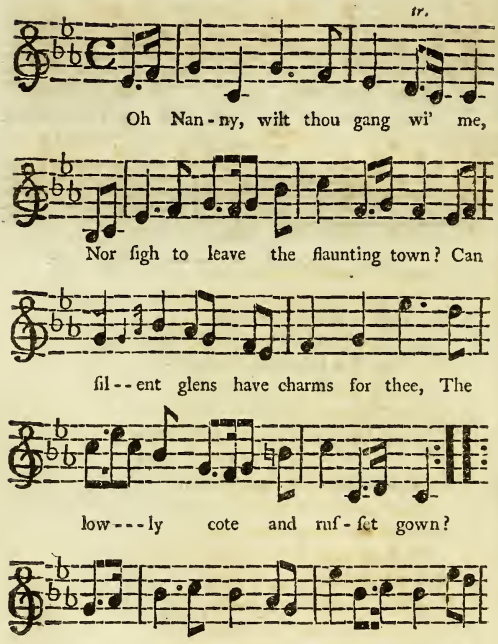
Sweet tales of love, and hid my bluſh, Whilſt

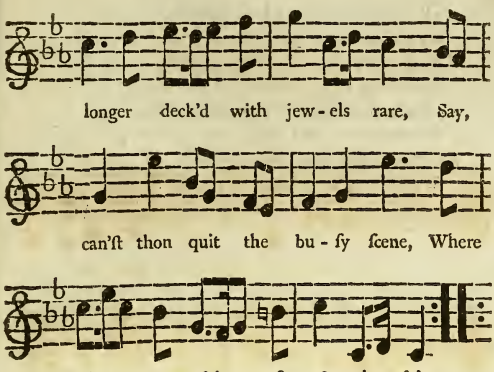
round thou didſt en------fold me.

To a' our haunts I will repair,
By greenwood ſhaw or fountain;
Or where the ſimmer day I'd ſhare
Wi' thee upon yon mountain:
There will I tell the trees and flow'rs,
From thoughts unfeign'd and tender,
By vows you're mine, by love is yours
A heart which cannot wander.

SONG CV.

OH NANNY, WILT THOU GANG WI' ME?


tr.
Oh Nan-ny, wilt thou gang wi' me,
Nor ſigh to leave the ſlaunting town? Can
ſil--ent glens have charms for thee, The
low---ly cote and ruſ-ſet gown?
No longer dreſs'd in ſilk-en ſheen, No



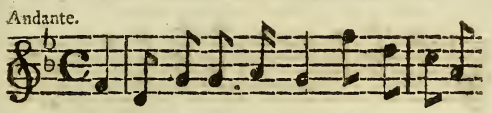
O Nanny, when thou'rt far awa,
Wilt thou not caſt a wiſh behind?
Say, can'ſt thou face the ſlaky ſnaw,
Nor ſhrink before the warping wind?
O can that ſaft and gentleſt mien
Severeſt hardſhips learn to bear?
Nor ſad, regret each courtly ſcene,
Where thou wert faireſt of the fair?

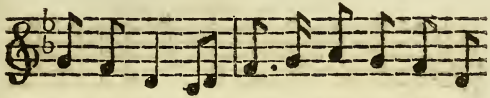
O Nanny, can'ſt thou love ſo true,
Thro' perils keen wi' me to gae,
Or when thy ſwain miſhap ſhall rue,
To ſhare with him the pang of wae?
And when invading pains befal,
Wilt thou aſſume the nurſe's care,
Nor, wiſhful, thoſe gay ſcenes recal,
Where thou wert faireſt of the fair?

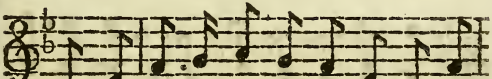
And when, at laſt, thy love ſhall die,
Wilt thou receive his parting breath?
Wilt thou repreſs each ſtruggling ſigh,
And cheer with ſmiles the bed of death?
And wilt thou, o'er his much lov'd clay,
Strew flowers, and drop the tender tear,
Nor then regret thoſe ſcenes ſo gay,
Where thou wert faireſt of the fair?

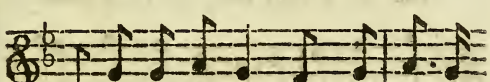
SONG CVI.

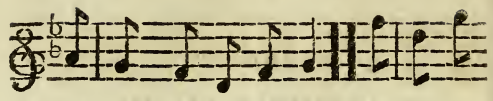
THE WAWKING OF THE FAULD

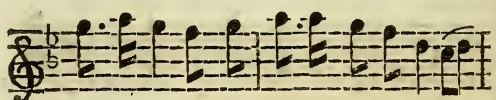


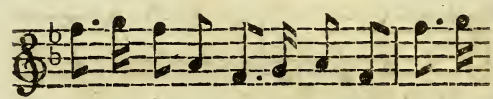


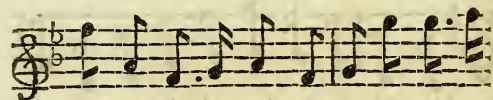


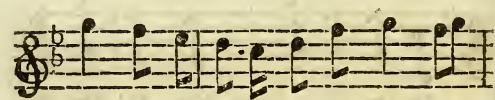


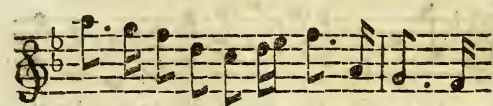

The wawking of the fauld. My Peg - gy

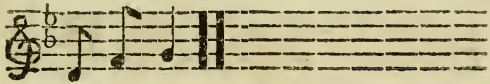

ſpeaks ſae ſweetly, Whene'er we meet alane, I


wiſh nae mair to lay my care, I wiſh nae


mair of a' that's rare; My Peggy ſpeaks ſae


ſweet - ly, To a' the lave I'm cauld; But


ſhe gars a' my ſpirits glow at wawking



of the fauld.

My Peggy ſmiles ſae kindly,
Whene'er I whiſper love,
That I look down on a' the town,
That I look down upon a crown;
My Peggy ſmiles ſae kindly,
It makes me blyth and bauld,
And naething gi'es me ſic delight
As wawking of the fauld.

My Peggy ſings ſae ſaftly,
When on my pipe I play;
By a' the reſt it is confeſt,
By a' the reſt that ſhe ſings beſt:
My Peggy ſings ſae ſaftly,
And in her ſangs are tald,
Wi' innocence, the wale of ſenſe,
At wawking of the fauld.

SONG CVII.

CUMBERNAULD HOUSE.

Slow.

Where wind---ing Forth a---dorns
the vale, Fond Stre-phon, once a
ſhep-herd gay, Did to the rocks his
lot be-wail, And thus ad--dreſt his
plaintive lay: O Julia, more than

lil - - - - ly fair, More blooming than the
tr.
op' - ning roſe, How can thy breaſt re-
tr.
lent - leſs wear A heart more cold than
Winter's ſnows.

Yet nipping Winter's keeneſt reign,
But for a ſhort-liv'd ſpace prevails;
Spring time returns, and cheers each ſwain,
Scented with Flora's fragrant gales.
Come, Julia, come, thy love obey,
Thou miſtreſs of angelic charms,
Come ſmiling like the morn of May,
And centre in thy Strephon's arms.

Elſe, haunted by the fiend Deſpair,
He'll court ſome ſolitary grove,
Where mortal foot did ne'er repair,
But ſwains oppreſs'd with hapleſs love.
From the once-pleaſing rural throng
Remov'd, he'll bend his lonely way,
Where Philomela's mournful ſong
Shall join his melancholy lay.

SONG CVIII.

To the foregoing Tune.

FROM anxious zeal and factious ſtrife,
And all th'uneaſy cares of life,
From beauty, ſtill to merit blind,
And ſtill to fools and coxcombs kind;
To where the woods, in brighteſt green,
Like riſing theatres are ſeen,
Where gently murm'ring runs the rill,
And draws freſh ſtreams from ev'ry hill:

Where Philomel, in mournful ſtrains,
Like me, of hopeleſs love complains;
Retir'd I paſs the livelong day,
And idly trifle life away:

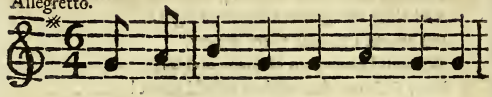
My lyre to tender accents ſtrung,
I tell each ſlight, each ſcorn and wrong,
Then reaſon to my aid I call,
Review paſt ſcenes, and ſcorn them all,

Superior thoughts my mind engage,
Allur'd by Newton's tempting page,
Through new-found worlds I wing my flight,
And trace the glorious ſource of light:
But ſhould Clarinda there appear,
With all her charms of ſhape and air,
How frail my fixt reſolves would prove!
Again I'd yield, again I'd love!

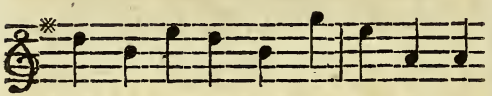
SONG CIX.

THE LAKE OF KILLARNEY.

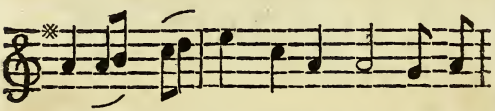
Allegretto.



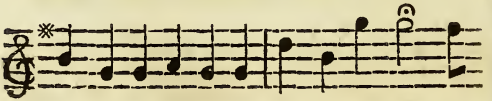
On the Lake of Kil--lar--ney I



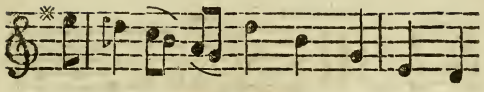
firſt ſaw the lad, Who with ſong and with



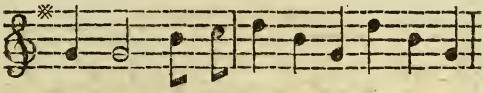
bagpipe could make my heart glad, On the



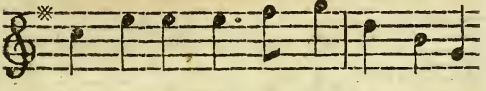
Lake of Killar--ney I firſt ſaw the lad, Who



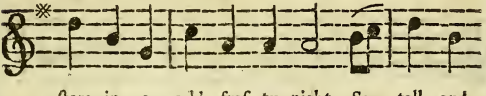
with ſong and with bagpipe cou'd make my



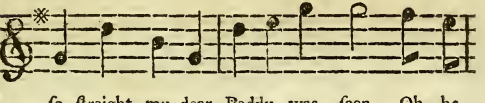
heart glad: And his hair was ſo red, and his



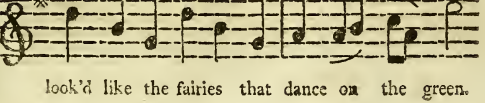
eyes were ſo bright, Oh they ſhone like the



ſtars in a cold froſ-ty night, So tall and



ſo ſtraight my dear Paddy was ſeen, Oh he



look'd like the fairies that dance on the green.

Andantino.

On the, &c. All the girls of Killar-ney wore
green willow tree, When firſt my dear Patrick
ſung love tales to me, Oh he ſung and he
danc'd, and he won my fond heart, And to
ſave his dear life, with my own I wou'd part.
D. C.
On the, &c.

SONG CX.

Tune—*Broom of Cowden-knows.*

See page 142.

WHEN ſummer comes, the ſwains on Tweed
Sing their ſucceſsful loves,
Around the ewes and lambkins feed,
And muſic fills the groves.

But my lov'd ſong is then the broom,
So fair on Cowden-knows;
For ſure ſo ſweet, ſo ſoft a bloom
Elſewhere there never grows.

There Colin tun'd his oaten reed,
And won my yielding heart;
No ſhepherd e'er that dwelt on Tweed
Could play with half ſuch art.

He ſung of Tay, of Forth, and Clyde,
The hills and dales all round,
Of Leader-haughs, and Leader-ſide;
Oh! how I bleſs'd the ſound!

Yet more delightful is the broom
So fair on Cowden-knows;
For ſure ſo freſh, ſo bright a bloom
Elſewhere there never grows.

Not Tiviot braes, ſo green and gay,
May with this broom compare,
Not Yarrow banks in flow'ry May,
Nor the buſh aboon Traquair.

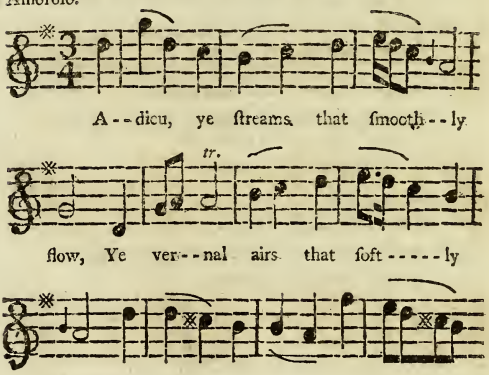
More pleaſing far are Cowden-knows,
My peaceful happy home,
Where I was wont to milk my ewes
At e'en among the broom.

Ye powers that haunt the woods and plains,
Where Tweed with Tiviot flows,
Convey me to the beſt of ſwains,
And my lov'd Cowden-knows.

SONG CXI.

THE ADIEU.

Amoroſo.



tr.
3
ar-ray'd, Ye birds that war-ble through
the glade, Ye birds that war---ble
thro' the glade, Un-hurt from you my
tr.
ſoul could fly, Nor drop one tear,
tr.
nor heave one ſigh, But forc'd from
Ce----lia's ſmiles to part, All

O fairer than the roſy morn,
When flow'rs the dewy fields adorn,
Unſully'd as the genial ray,
That warms the gentle breeze of May;
Thy charms divinely ſweet appear,
And add new ſplendor to the year,
Improve the day with freſh delight,
And gild with joy the dreary night.

FINIS.